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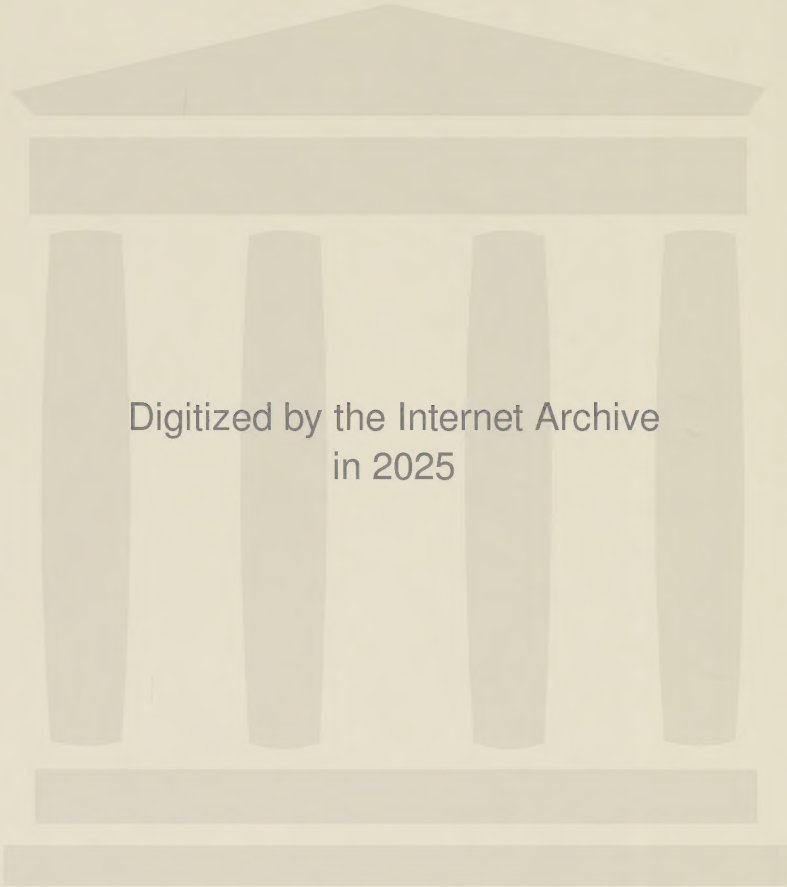
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HISTORICAL

REMINISCENCES

OF

SUMMIT COUNTY.

BY GEN. L. V. BIERCE.

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GEN. LUCIUS V. BIERCE,

OF AKRON, OHIO.

The following Biographical Sketch of GENERAL L. V. BIERCE, we copy from "Biographical Sketches of Eminent Americans."

"Gen. Lucius V. Bierce was born at Cornwall, Litchfield county, Connecticut, on the fourth day of August, 1801. His paternal ancestors came from England, and settled at Halifax, N. S. From thence they removed to Plymouth. Mass., and from thence to Cornwall, where the subject of our present memoir was born.

"On the maternal side he was descended from the Bells, of Scottish renown, from whom he inherited a sprinkling of the wild and chivalrous propensity that marks the Highland clansman.

"His father was a soldier of the Revolution during the continuance of that war, having enlisted in April, 1775, and was discharged in November, 1783. He belonged to Col. Heman's Swift's Regiment of Connecticut troops, and was sent immediately after his enlistment, to Ticonderoga, then considered on the confines of the world. He was orderly sergeant of the company to which he belonged, and in the battles of Monmouth, White Plains, Fort George, and in the dreary winter spent at Valley Forge, every officer of his company higher than himself was killed, or died, and he left in command.

"During his seven years' service he clothed himself from home, and laid up his pay and the amount allowed him for clothing, so that at the close of the war he had a "pile" of worthless continental bills. The only use they ever were to him was to quiet the little ones; and the whole compensation for standing target for British soldiers seven years, was given to the children to play with. This circumstance, probably gave a tinge to the mind of our subject, as has ever been a most bitter enemy to a paper currency.

"During the session of the Ohio Legislature of 1830–31, numerous applications were made for additional bank charters. Petitions were sent in, signed by Democrats as well as by their opponents,

asking additional "bank facilities." Gen. Bierce got up a remonstrance against them: and, unable to get an additional name, sent it in, signed by himself alone. The closing sentence is characteristic of the man. Said he: "If we must have monied incorporations to control the currency, and regulate the exchanges of the country, let us have a United States Bank. For my part, I had rather be swallowed by a whale than nibbled to death by minnows."

"All else that remained to his father at the close of the war was an honorable discharge, and a hundred acres of land in Muskingum Ohio—which he sold, sixty-six years afterwards, for two dollars an acre.

"The subject of this notice received the common rudiments of an English education at the school in his native town, which was all his father was able to bestow on him. At the age of fifteen he lost his mother when his father being advanced in life, concluded to abandon housekeeping. Young Bierce was thrown upon his own resources, and his mind was soon settled upon his future course of life.

"The year subsequent to his mother's death, his father removed from Cornwall to Nelson, Portage county, Ohio, and within one week after his arrival there, young Bierce announced his determination of acquiring an education. His father gave his assent, with the chilling remark—"But you must rely on your own resources; I cannot help you." That very day he left his paternal roof, and started for the Ohio University, at Athens, where he arrived on the 3d of September, 1817. To add to his difficulties, he was taken sick with a bilious fever immediatly on his arrival, which confined him for three months, most of the time dangerously ill, and for a considerable time without reason. On his recovery he found himself possessed of the one fifth of a quater of a dollar, it being at the time of making "cut money," when they cut five sixpences from a quarter. This with a father's blessing, was all that remained of his patrimony. But discouragement was a word unknown to his vocabulary; and on the 3d of December, 1817, he commenced his academic course, under the charge of Rev. Jacob Lindley, long President of the Ohio University. On the 11th of September, 1822, he graduated, and received the degree of A.B. He now determined to go to the Southern States and see if he could not retrive his fortune, and replenish his empty purse. Although in debt for his tuition, board, and clothing, yet so much confidence had he inspired in the public mind, that the Hon. Amos Crippen, of Athens, than whom does not live a nobler man, gave him an unlimited letter of credit, on which to raise money for his journey. Having arranged his business, which consisted in packing his knapsack, he started, on foot, on the 9th of Octo-

ber, and on the 3d of November, 1822, landed in Yorkville, South Carolina. Here he remained a few days, when he went to Lancaster, and not finding business as good as he had hoped, he commenced the study of law with Robert J. Fenill, which he continued until the 4th of March following, when he left there *en route* for Alabama, where he arrived on the 8th of April, and commenced study with Dr. Sterne Houghton, in Limestone county. On the 12th day of September, 1823, he was examined, and licensed as an attorney and counsellor at law, by C. C. Clay and Richard Ellis, of the Supreme Court of that State.

The father of young Bierce being far advanced in life, and anxious to have his son near him in his declining days, decided his future course. Prompted by a sense of filial duty, he left the sunny south, on the 2d of October, 1823, and on the 19th again arrived in Athens, having been absent a year and ten days during which time he had studied the law, and had been admitted to practice, besides walking over 1800 miles, with his knapsack on his back.

On returning to Ohio he concluded to settle in Ravanna, Portage county, and accordingly pursued his law studies for one year longer, under the instruction of Hon. J. Slamm, of that town. In 1824 he was admitted to the bar of Ohio, and in 1825 received the appointment of district attorney which he held by successive appointments and elections for eleven years, when he resigned the office, and removed to Akron, now the county seat of Summit. He now devoted his whole time to the duties of his profession, until the "Patriot war" broke out in 1837. He then entered into that with a spirit and perseverance that was worthy of success. His time and money were freely expended to little purpose. McKenzie, Sutherland, and Van Rensselaer, and others had failed: the fairest portion of Canada had been laid in ashes by order of Sir John Colburn, and many of her bravest sons had perished on the scaffold. In this desponding state of affairs he was astonished, on his reception in Cleveland, on the 8th of August, 1838, at the official information that he had been unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the Patriot forces in Canada.

Desponding as were the prospects of Canadian independence, after so many defeats, and responsible and dangerous as was the situation, he accepted it, and immediately repaired to his post, and commenced arranging for another campaign. He opened a correspondence with Colonel Von Schultz, a Polander, who had under his command 300 vetran Poles, who had seen service, and been compelled to flee their country for participating in the Polish rebellion. These were ordered to Detroit, to serve as a nucleus around which to form an army. General Putnam, a desendant of the revolutionary hero, but for twenty years a resident of Can-

ada, was rectuiting in Michigan, where he had over 1200 on his muster-roll; and Colonel Harnell, a Kentuckian, was recruiting in Ohio, and had 187 on his roll: and Gen. Birge was in command of a considerable force in New York. These latter were ordered to Buffalo, to hold themselves in readiness to cross, and fortify Fort Erie, as soon as they should learn that Gen. Bierce had possession of Fort Malden.

While things thus assumed a favorable aspect, Gen. Bierce learned with surprise that Gen Birge had countermanded his orders to Colonel Von Schultz, and had planned the unfortunate expedition on Fort Wellington, at Prescott. An express was immediately sent to stop the wild scheme, but scarcely had it left before another express arrived saying they should cross and attact Fort Wellington at all hazards. Gen. Bierce then started, in person, in hopes to be in time to prevent it, but arrived in Buffalo just in time to hear that his worst fears were realized.

Seeing his hopes all blasted, he immediately repaired to Swan Creek, opposite Malden, where his troops were then rendezvousing, but instead of raising that cheering news which animates the soldier, he was compelled to announce that all hope of success was blasted.

Von Schultz, on whose military experiences so much reliance had been placed, had perished on the scaffold and his brave Poles were dead or prisoners. No aid could now be expected from New York, and the Canadians had lost their confidence. Gen. Bierce laid the matter fully before his troops—told them there was no prospect of success—but if they decided to attempt it, he would lead them. All but 180 immediately left, and returned to their homes. A council of war was held, and, with one exception, they unanimously declared they had rather cross, and die honorable, than return to their homes, and be sneered at as cowards. On the determination of this council of war, the order was given, and at ten o'clock at night, on the 3d of December, 1838, this little band left Detroit for Windsor, with little expectation of ever returning. To add to their misfortunes, Gen. Brady, on the night before they left their camp, with a party of United States troops, had seized all the Patriot guns he could find, under the misnamed neutrality law, so that they had but one hundred and twelve guns on landing on the Canada shore.

The attack commenced about four o'clock in the morning, by driving in the British outpost, and charging on their main position. This, too, was soon carried, and the Patriots, after an engagement against treble their number, for five hours, the burning of the public barracks, and storehouse, were compelled to retreat on the arrival of a reinforcement from Malden, with field artillery. The enemy now numbered over 600; the Patriots, but 137 at

crossing, now reduced by killed and wounded to about 100, and they incumbered with 23 prisoners. As evidence of the moral principle that governed the Patriots, it need only be mentioned that though in possession of Windsor several hours, not a cent of private property was injured. Three large barracks and a government steamboat were taken and burned, the latter in revenge for the burning of the Caroline.

As the Patriots rushed into the fight the cry was raised, "Remember Prescott," and every man fought as if it were a personal duty devolved on him to avenge Von Schultz and his companions.

"Thus terminated, as Gen. Bierce had foreseen it would, after the fatal expedition to Fort Wellington, the campaign, of 1838, and the Patroit war. Seeing that further agitation would result in nothing but a waste of blood, he returned to Akron, and resumed his profession.

"Soon, however, he was called before the United States Court, at Columbus, Ohio, to answer for a violation of the Neutrality Law of 1818; but with as pointed a charge as Judge McLean could give, so popular was the man and his cause, that a grand jury could not be induced to indict him.

"This was at the January term, 1839, and so persevering were the prosecutors of the U. S. that before Gen. B. left the city of Columbus, a new process was served on him to appear at the next term of said court to answer to the charge. While attending court at Columbus he received intelligence that his only child, a son, was lying at the point of death; and on his return he found his fond hopes blasted, and his only child dead.

"At the ensuing term of the court he again attended, but instead of a persevering enemy in the prosecution, he found Mr. Van Buren had removed N. H. Swayne, District Attorney, and appointed in his place Israel Hamilton, an old schoolmate and personal friend of Gen. Bierce. Their meeting under such circumstances, after a separation of sixteen years, may be imagined. Mr. Hamilton at once dismissed the prosecution, and Gen. Bierce returned home to find his hearth desolate. During his absence his wife, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, had died by a rush of blood upon the heart, which terminated her life in about ten minutes from the first symptoms of the attack.

"When the call was made by the Governor of Ohio for volunteers to go to Mexico, Gen. Bierce volunteered as a private soldier, and was fast filling up a company, when notice was given that the quota of Ohio was full, and they were disbanded. Since then he has devoted himself to his profession, and to the cause of popular education. For several years he has been President of the Board of Education of Akron, and devoted his time and energies to the subject of educating the *whole* people, Education and morality

are the great pillars of the state, in his opinion ; and his only hope of a continuance of our government is in the general diffusion of them among the mass. In his own language, "Education is the helm which guides the ship of state ; but as the helm in the hands of the inexperienced mariner may guide the ship into the whirlpools of destruction, so educated intellect, guided by passion instead of moral principle, by vicious impulse instead of well-regulated reason, may guide its possessor to a whirlpool more dangerous than Scylla, and more destructive than Charybdis."

He is of a medium hight, five feet ten inches, light complexion, light hair and eyes, and slightly inclining to corpulency. The cast of his mind is *practical*, rather than theoretical, and he is ever inclined to look on the bright side of a subject. His aim is to make things go as he wishes, if he can, but, if he cannot, to let them go as they please.

"In his law studies he has compiled two volumes of digested cases, arranged in alphabetical order, but they will probably lie in manuscript during his life.

"Technicalities he abhors, and those technicalities which serve to delay and prevent right and justice, he despises. It is only when the law is the protector of right, and the honorable arena of disciplined mind, that he loves it.

"For many years, and, indeed, until he refused longer to accept the office, he was Mayor of Akron ; but having acquired a competency, with no desire for wealth, he is striving to withdraw from active life, and in retirement, to enjoy that quietude he has so long denied to himself.

"He has just completed, and has now in press, "A History of the Western Reserve." He is a regular contributor to the Ohio Historical and Philosphical Society, and the Minnesota Historical Society, of both of which he has been elected a member."

At the Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in October, 1853, he was elected and installed Grand Master of Masons in Ohio.

INTRODUCTION.

The State of Connecticut claimed, under an old grant of Charles of England, a large part of the territory now embraced within the limits of Ohio. In September, 1786, she relinquished to the United States all of her claim, except to that portion included between the western boundary of Pennsylvania and a line one hundred and twenty miles west of said boundary, and the 41st degree of north latitude on the south to the parallel of 42° 2′ on the north. This tract was divided into townships of five miles square, and designated by numbers and ranges. The townships were to be numbered from south to north, commencing on the latitude of 41° north as a base; and the ranges were to be distinguished by progressive numbers westward, the first range resting upon the western boundary of Pennsylvania as a base line. In counting ranges, then, we begin on the western line of Pennsylvania and count one hundred and twenty miles west. In counting townships we begin on the line of 41° north, being the south line of the reserve, and count north to latitude 42° 2′. There being then, ten townships of five miles, or fifty miles between the western boundary of Pennsylvania and Northampton, that is called range 11; and there being two townships (Coventry and Portage) between the latitude of 41° north and Northampton, that is called range three.

By the treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1785, all of said territory east of the Cuyahoga, was ceded by the Indians to the United States. By the treaty of Fort Industry, in 1805, the balance of the territory which lay west of the Cuyahoga, was also ceded to the United States. In May, 1801, the State of Connecticut ceded to the United States her claim of jurisdiction over said territory, and the President of the United States, by patent, conveyed the fee of said land to the Governor for the use of the grantees of that State.

This tract the State of Connecticut, as I have before stated, sold to the Connecticut Land Company. It fell a trifle short of

4,000,000 of acres, for which said company agreed to pay $1-, 200,000. The amount was divided into 400 shares of $3,000 each. Any one paying in an amount received a certificate entitling him to the same proportion of the whole Reserve that his payment bore to $1,200,000.

On receiving the title from the State of Connecticut, the stockholders in the Connecticut Land Company conveyed it to Jonathan Brace, John Caldwell and John Morgan, to hold in trust for the proprietors; and singular as it may appear, the three lived until they had sold or disposed of all the land and closed their trust. John Morgan is still living in the city of New York.

The certificates were all numbered, and then the numbers drawn in the same manner as a lottery, each holder of a certificate drawing an amount of land proportioned to the 4,000,000 acres as his payment was to $1,200,000.

Each proprietor thus drew a township or a fraction of a township according to the amount of his interest. Thus some townships became the exclusive property of an individual, others became the property of various owners. In this manner each individual got his proportion of land in severalty, and located; the book, in which an account of these drawings was kept, called "the Book of Drafts," being the foundation of all our titles on the Reserve. But singular as it may appear, this "Book of Drafts," which is the basis of all our land titles, is not recognized as legal evidence; and of so little importance was it deemed, that on inquiry a few years ago, at the office of the Secretary of State in Hartford, it could not be found; and when it was, after a long search, discovered, it was found among old waste paper in the upper loft of an old ware house on the Connecticut river.

Although these drafts located the land and gave to each his quantity of acres, a great diversity, of course, existed in the value on account of quality and location. To equalize them, and make them all of an average value, certain towns were set apart called "Equalizing Townships," which were cut up into strips of various sizes, and portions attached to different townships to make them equal to the average townships. Thus Jacob Welch drew township six in range seven, now known as Troy, in Geauga county. The Cuyahoga river running through it, and causing much swampy ground, the tract in lot six in our township, known as the "Welch Tract," was added to town six in range seven, to make it equal to the average townships on the Reserve.

BIOGRAPHY OF AMZI ATWATER.

"DIED at Atwater, Portage county, on the 22d day of June, 1851, AMZI ATWATER, aged 75 years, and 1 month."

Such, is the brief notice that announces to the world the death of the last member, but one, of the first exploring expedition on the Reserve. WARHAM SHEPHARD, of Westfield, Mass., now alone remains. The life of Amzi Atwater comprises the early History of Northern Ohio.

Judge Atwater was born at New Haven, Connecticut, on the 23d of May, 1776. His parents were poor, and unable to give him anything more than an ordinary education. Ushered into life in the early part of the Revolutionary war, and in that part of the colonies most exposed to the incursions of the enemy, his almost only lullaby was the booming of artillery, and the rattling of musketry. On the defeat of the Americans on Long Island, in 1776, when Amzi was but three months old, his father was called out with the militia, for the defence of New-York—from which he returned sick, and with a constitution broken. When old enough young Atwater was sent to school, where he obtained a little knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic. So straitened were his parents' circumstances, that he was hired out to work by the day, week or month, as opportunities offered, till he became a man. At the age of eighteen, his father hired him out to work for an uncle, for sixty dollars a year, who transferred him over to a man by the name of Watson. "At the end of the year, says Judge Atwater, in a letter now before me, "my parents gave me my time, with their good advice and blessing." He then hired to Watson for seven months, at eight dollars a month, but Watson died before the term expired. Being out of employment, young Atwater went to Westfield, Massachusetts, to visit

his uncle, Rev. Noah Atwater, who was in the habit of teaching mathematics to a class of young men. He invited young Atwater to come and study with him the ensuing winter, which he did.—Here he learned the art of surveying, in company with Warham Shepherd, who was one of the first exploring party on the Reserve. In the minutes of that expedition, Warham Shepherd and Amzi Atwater are called "Explorers' Assistants." At this school a friendship was formed between them, which lasted till the death of Atwater.

In April, 1796, being then nineteen years of age, young Atwater left Connecticut, on foot and alone, with a heavy knapsack on his back, to meet his friend Shepherd, at Ontario county, New York—with whom he remained until the agents of the Connecticut Land Company were ready to commence their survey, when he left for the then unknown West. He joined them at Canandaigua, June 13, 1796.

His business was to collect cattle and pack-horses, with which he went all the way by land.

The rest of the company were shipped in four boats, called *batteaux*, in which they went up the Mohawk river—then down Wood creek to Oneida lake—through the lake to Oswego river—down that river to Fort Oswego, when they were stopped by the British officers in command—[it being a few days before that fort was to be given up by the terms of the treaty]—but they muffled their oars, and in the night run past the Fort, and launched out into Lake Ontario. At Girandequot bay, a few miles east of the mouth of the Genesee river, they took in provisions for their voyage, and started out into an almost unknown region.

Gen. Moses Cleveland, agent for the Connecticut Land Company, had called a council of Indians to assemble at what is now Buffalo, to hold "a talk." Atwater, having charge of the cattle, was ordered to meet him there—where several of the cattle were butchered for the use of the Indians, during the treaty, which lasted several days.

The chiefs of the "six nations," and many others were present, to the number of five or six hundred. Here Gen. Cleveland explained to them the right of the whites to the land, by treaty at

Forts McIntosh, and Greenville. The Indians acknowledged they had sold the land, but claimed, (and justly, too,) that they had not received a full compensation for it, but hoped the company would confirm their professions of friendship by bestowing liberal presents. This was done, and the council broke up with mutual expressions of friendship.

The boats, on leaving the treaty ground, made good headway until they came opposite to Cattaraugus, when they became wind-bound, and remained so until Atwater's land party arrived. Some difficulty having arisen in this party, for the want of an acknowledged leader, Major Spafford left the boats at Cattaraugus, and took command of the land party. They all arrived at Conneaut on the fourth of July, 1796, where they celebrated our nation's Independence.

The expedition consisted of forty-five men, two women, and one child. A negro, called Black Joe, had come from Buffalo as a pilot. The officers were:—

Moses Cleveland, *Agent*,
Augustus Porter, *Principal Surveyor*,
Seth Pease,
Moses Warren,
Amos Spafford,
Milton Hawley,
Richard M. Stoddard, } *Surveyors*,
Joshua Stow, *Commissary*,
Theodore Shepherd, *Physician*,
Joseph Tinker, *Principal Boatman*.

Among the assistants were Amzi Atwater, Warham Shepherd, Elijah Green (with his wife and child), and Job P. Stiles (with his wife).

The first object of the party was to fix the south-east corner of the Reserve. The Pennsylvania line had been run seven years before, and on the lake shore a monument was erected, on which the latitude was marked. From this monument the line was run south by Porter and Pease to the highlands south of the Mahoning, where it was supposed the corner would be. There Mr. Pease took the latitude with a quadrant, and found he was within half a mile of the corner.

In the meantime, the party left at Conneaut were engaged in building a large store-house on the beach, which they named "Stow Castle," in honor of their Commissary, for whose accommodation it was built. On the completion of this job, they started down the Pennsylvania line, and overtook the first party, while taking observations, and ascertaining the latitude. Finding they had not run far enough south, they measured half a mile further, and set up a large post, marked—"41° N. Lat."

From thence a line was run west twenty miles for the south line of the Reserve. At each five miles a meridian was run to the lake. Mr. Hawley run the first, Spafford and Stoddard the second, Warren the third, Porter and Pease the fourth. Atwater was chainsman for Warren. These were all the meridians run that year. They are now known as Ranges.

While these meridians were being run, Gen. Cleveland, with Joseph Tinker, the principal boatman, went up the Lake on an exploring voyage, as far as the mouth of the Cuyahoga, and then up that river till they discovered a large creek, which, in honor of his boatman, Gen. Cleveland named "*Tinker's Creek.*" Unfortunately, both in going, and returning, they did not discover Chagrin river—then called by the Indians, Mishaway-see-bie, (Elk river,) which afterwards caused the party great trouble. On their return, they reported that there was no stream of any importance between Grand River and Cuyahoga.

After the first four meridians were run, Gen. Cleveland, with Porter, and a party of assistants, took a boat, and went up to traverse the Lake shore to Sandusky. Before leaving, he ordered four surveyors to run the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th parallels from the Pennsylvania line west to the Cuyahoga river, or wherever it might strike, and then to repair to a camp to be estalished as far up the river as convenient. Warren, to whose party Atwater was attached, was ordered to the 6th parallel, which he run west until he struck the Chagrin, where Bentley's mills now are; set a post as directed (supposing it to be the Cuyahoga), and then followed down the stream, expecting hourly to find the camp.

The surveyors on the parallels north of Warren's were led into the same error; when they arrived at the Lake, they found that

the boats had been there, but had left no trace behind thom.—This party then went to Conneaut for provisions; when they found that they had not been to the Cuyahoga, but to a newly discovered river. During this time the other surveyors had been ordered to finish the survey of the meridians, and commence the survey of a city plat at the mouth of the Cuyahoga.

To Augustus Porter, the principal surveyor, who since resided at Black Rock, belongs the honor of laying out that city. He was, I believe, the brother of Peter B. Porter, of Black Rock.

About the eighteenth of October the men mostly left—having completed the meridians, the parallels, the plat of Cleveland, the one hundred acre lots in that township and Newburgh, some division lines in Mentor, and most of the traverse of the Cuyahoga river.

Thus terminated the first exploring expedition—leaving "Stow Castle" on the beach at Conneaut, and a house near the foot of what is now Union lane, in Cleveland, as the relics of civilization.

In the second expedition, or that of 1797, the Connecticut Land Company had changed their agent. The officers this year were:

Seth Hunt, *Agent.*
William Shepherd, *Explorer.*
Amos Spafford, Moses Warren, } *Explorers and Surveyors.*
Seth Pease, *Principal Surveyor.*
Richard M. Stoddard, Nathan Redfield, } *Surveyors.*
Theodore Shepherd, *Physician.*
Joseph Tinker, *Principal Boatman.*
Ezra Wait, David Beard, } *Explorers' Assistants.*
Warham Shepherd, Amzi Atwater, } *Assistants and Surveyors.*

The men assembled at Schenectady, New-York, about the middle of April, 1797. They ascended the Mohawk as the year before—took their boats over the Portage at Rome, to Wood creek, and through Oneida Lake and Oswego river into Lake Ontario.—Atwater with eight or ten men was ordered to Canandaigua to purchase and drive on pack-horses and cattle to Buffalo, and take care of them at that place, till Major Shepherd should arrive.—

On arriving at Buffalo, Atwater drove them across the creek on to what is since known as the Indian Reservation. While lying there, one of the chiefs called on him and presented a bill for pasturage. He asked three dollars, which he thought very low compared with what the whites charged them when they were traveling. Atwater told him that the whites did not charge for pasture unless it was fenced in. The chief said their custom was different—that they wanted the pastures for their own use, but if he would pay them three dollars, he might keep the cattle there as long as he pleased. Atwater paid his demand, and soon received the reward of fair dealing with the Indians; for one of his horses having strayed away, was sent back to him by the chief, without any charge.

In a few days after Atwater's arrival, Major Shepherd arrived, and they started up the lake with their drove. They arrived at Conneaut on the 25th of May, and the boats, with the balance of the Company, a few days afterwards.

Some of the surveyors were sent into the woods from Conneaut, but most of them went to Cleveland. Atwater, with the cattle and horses, went by land. In swimming their horses over Grand river, near its mouth, David Eldridge was drowned. The body was soon after obtained, but too late to restore animation. The boats soon after arrived, and took the body to Cleveland, where was buried in the newly laid out cemetery, being the first white person buried in that place.

From Cleveland two boats with a part of the men, were sent up the river, on an exploring excursion, and Atwater was sent by land with pack horses to carry provisions for them. He delivered the provisions to the boats' crews a little above Tinker's creek, and joined the boats, which then proceeded with as much expedition as possible. But it was "hard sledding," as the river was low and obstructed by logs and stones.

Atwater left the boats on the north line of Boston, with as much provision as he could carry on his back, and went up past where Brandywine mills are to the north west corner of Hudson. Here he placed the provisions on the top of high forks, to secure it from wolves; covered it over with bark, and returned to the boats.

By clearing out the channel in some places, and lifting the boats over in others, they finally succeeded in getting their boats up to about three-fourths of a mile above the mouth of the little Cuyahoga. There they established a camp, or what was called "Upper Head Quarters." The surveyors dispersed and took the several lines assigned them. This was the 15th of June, 1797. Atwater was left to take charge of the provisions, baggage, &c., as it should arrive. Having charge of the stores, Mr. Atwater erected a storehouse, or bark shantee, for the accomodation of himself; and which also answered for a hospital. Surveying parties and boatmen were continually arriving and departing. The sick were left at Upper Head Quarters, and thus Mr. Atwater became storekeeper, commissary, keeper of the hospital, nurse, physician, and "all hands." David Beard was confined there several days with the dysentery, but a boat arrived and took him to Cleveland, where he finally recovered.

The great object of the second expedition, was to finish the meridians commenced by the first expedition—the traverse of the Cuyahoga Portage Path, and Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum—as this was the boundary between the purchase made by the United States of the Six Nations, and the Western tribes.—That east of this line had been purchased, and to that alone had the Indian title been extinguished. This line was run by Moses Warren, whose field notes are now in possession of Gen. Samuel D. Harris, the only surviving surveyor of that early day.

While Atwater was lying at Upper Head Quarters, an Indian frequently visited him, who informed him that he was in the battle at Maumee Rapids, and by gestures showed him how Wayne's men, or the "long knives" as he called them, cut them down.—Mr. Pease wishing to go to the Salt Springs, in what is now Weathersfield, to meet Redfield, and then run the the latitude of 41° N., or south line of the Reserve, employed the Indian to go with his horse and a load of provisions, and pilot him there. In about three days the Indian returned, with a line from Pease, saying the Indian had been faithful, and directing Atwater to give him a quart of whiskey, "or more if that would not make him drunk."

Atwater filled a junk bottle and gave to him, in the name of the "big Captain," as he called Pease. In the night the Indian came back, and presented the bottle, saying "more whiskey, big captain very good man—you very good man—me very good man." Atwater filled his bottle again, and told him that was all "the big captain" had ordered him to give him. He went away repeating "very good man, very good man." The next day he came back, and presented a deerskin for the big captain, and then his bottle for "more whiskey." Atwater told him they had but little whiskey, and must keep it for the sick. He then gave him a little in the bottle, with which he left well satisfied, repeating "very good man." The next day he returned the bottle to Atwater but never said any more about whiskey.

On the 5th of July 1797, Warham Shepherd and Atwater, were sent to survey the 9th meridian, from the 4th parallel, south to the south line of the Reserve—one carrying the compass, the other the chain, alternately. Soon after their return to camp after finishing that work all the surveyors came in, and reported all the lower lines run, except the 5th, 6th, and 7th meridians. To complete these Redfield was ordered to the 7th, Stoddard to the 6th, and Shepherd and Atwater to the 5th, which was the west line of Trumbull and Ashtabula.

Stoddard being lame, Atwater took his compass, and run his line for him, ten miles, when he met Stoddard, with one man, who took the line and finished it. Atwater with one man then left that line, and met Mr. Shepherd at the North East corner of Palmyra. Here he found Shepherd sick with the dysentery, and Miner Bicknell, the man who accompanied Atwater, was taken with a violent fever. Atwater took the compass and run seven miles, between Braceville and Windham, when Bicknell became too unwell to ride on a horse. In the language of Judge Atwater, in a letter now before me, "here was a difficult case to know what to do. We were at a great distance from any comfortable place for the sick. Medicine we had none, and ignorant of its use if we had it. No guide but our compass, or township lines. To get him to Cleveland seemed most desirable if it was practicable. We were in hopes some of our boats were at our late camp,

but how to get him there was the question." "Necessity was the mother of invention." They took two poles, and fastened them together with bark, so as to go by the sides of the horses like the thills of a wagon, one horse following the other, so far apart as to admit a man to lie lengthwise between them. With barks and blankets they made his bed as comfortable as possible, and by twisted bark ropes lashed it to the packsaddles. Atwater left Shepherd with one man to run the line as best he could, and started with the sick man for Cleveland. They went south to the corner of Palmyra, then west on the third parallel. The next morning after they started, Atwater sent a man ahead to have a boat ready at the Upper Head Quarters to carry the sick man down the river. Atwater proceeded west to the corner of Stow and Hudson, on the 9th meridian, then south to the old Indian trail from Forth McIntosh to Sandusky, where he met his messenger with the disagreeable intelligence that the camp was broken up, and the boats gone. Atwater then directed him to go to Cleveland, and get a boat to come up and meet him at the south line of Independence. Atwater then proceeded on the west line of Stow, to the north line of Summit county then west to the place appointed for meeting the boats. In this litter they had thus conveyed Bicknell about five days, and a distance of fifty miles. He had a high fever all the time and had his reason but little part of it. They arrived at the river early in the forenoon of July 25th, and Bicknell died about two hours after. Tinker with the boat and Dr. Shepherd, arrived a little afternoon. Atwater urged to have the corpse carried to Cleveland, but the boatmen would not consent, and he was buried near the river, on the south line of Independence, on land since cleared by Esq. Frazer.

This, says Judge Atwater, in the letter I have before referred to, "was the most afflicting scene of my life. My feelings I can not pretend to describe. My fatigue was great during the whole distance. My anxiety stimulated every power I possessed, of body or mind.

I was in perfect health, and in the most active part of life, but when I had got through, and the man was dead, and my extreme

fatigue was at an end, it seemed as if every nerve was unstrung; and in ordinary circumstances I should have thought myself entitled to a few days' rest. But we were obliged immediately to leave there, to return and find Mr. Shepherd.

Atwater and his company followed the marked line east to the northeast corner of Portage county, when they found he had got the line up there, and he and his party were in good health.

The whole company then proceeded to run the line to the lake, which completed the township lines. Thus was completed the survey of the Western Reserve, east of the Cuyahoga.

Toward the latter part of the season sickness prevailed to an alarming extent, and but few escaped. William Andrews and Peleg Washburn died at Cleveland in August, and one or two boat loads of sick were sent off early in the fall. The last of September, 1797, Judge Atwater was taken with the ague and fever, which lasted till he left the Reserve. Says Judge Atwater in the letter referred to, "I was at Cleveland in a sad situation —and all others there, about as bad as I was. When the fit was off, I with a great deal of exertion could go to the spring and get a little water, and set it by the side of my old bearskin and blanket, where I lay through the long nights of ague and fever and all around were much in the same situation. Oh! these were days and nights of sorrow and affliction."

Tinker, the principal boatman, was discharged in the fall and in going down the lake with three others, the boat capsized near the mouth of Chautauque creek, and Tinker and two of the men were drowned.

The last of the surveyors left the Reserve the fore part of November, 1797, for the most part a sorry, sickly looking set of beings, the very reverse of what they were in the Spring.

In 1798 and '99, Judge Atwater was in the service of the Holland Land Company, in the Western part of New York, and assisted in running nearly all the township lines. In the fall of 1799 he returned to Connecticut, and spent the winter with his uncle, in study.

In 1800, in company with his brother Jotham, he came to Mantua, and made a permanent settlement on the farm where he died.

In 1808, on the organization of Portage county, he was elected one of the Associate Judges, and subsequently held many public trusts, such as his neighbors urged upon him, but which he did not covet. He chose retirement, and in the language of his old friend, Abram Tappan, of Ashtabula, "his disposition was mild, and he was honest to a proverb."

In a letter to Mr. Tappan, written March 24th, 1851, Judge Atwater says—

"I need not say much about how I have run *the line of life.* I have run though some of the swamps of adversity, and over many of the plains of prosperity. My assistants have generally been cheerful, and I may say faithful. My provisions hold out well, and perhaps I have enough to carry me through to the end of my line, which I have good reason to believe will soon be completed."

Summit County.

AKRON.

PORTAGE TOWNSHIP.

When we cast our eyes north, and see Old Portage, a celebrated boundary in the Treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1785—south, and see New Portage, from which Boats were formerly fitted out to N. Orleans—when we look west, and see within our Township, and almost within our corporation, the celebrated "Indian Trail," once the boundary between the six nations, and the western Indians—and by the Treaty of Greenville in 1795 made the boundary between the United States and Indians—we find ourselves on classic ground, surrounded by historic mementoes that connect Akron with the past, as a child of promise. In speaking of her we are necessarily led to a consideration of the Indian Trail, or Portage Path—then to the history of the Indians connected with that "*Path,*" and this leads us to a consideration of the history

of that early day when that Path was the great highway of Nations —nations that existed before America was known to Europeans.

I will not claim for Akron a history as remote as Knickerbocker claims for New York, but it is so connected with the Indian wars, treaties, and boundaries, that we cannot well speak of Akron, without beginning at the close of the Revolutionary war.

At the close of that war, this vast North-Western Territory became a subject of great interest to the National Government, as well as to certain States. Virginia claimed about one half, and Connecticut the other half of what is now Ohio. Virginia subsequently relinquished all except the tract between the Scioto and Miami rivers, known as the Virginia Military Tract, and Connecticut relinquished all but 4,000,000 acres, known as the "Connecticut Western Reserve," or "New Connecticut." In 1786 the "Ohio Company" was formed, consisting chiefly of officers and soldiers of the Revolution, who had expended everything but life, in that struggle, and received as pay the promises of a Government that was totally insolvent. These unfortunate men purchased the Tract known as "the Ohio Company Purchase" and paid in the currency known as "Continental Money." Of this company was Gen. Parsons of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was a Major General in the war, and served to the close of it with credit. He subsequently became connected with the history of the Reserve, as he obtained permission from the Governor of Connecticut to occupy the salt springs, in what is now Weathersfield, in Trumbull County. He had some kind of a grant, by which his heirs claimed the property, but he was accidentally drowned in the Big Beaver on his return to Connecticut in 1789, his claim was rejected, and "the Salt Spring tract" became again vested in Connecticut. He may be said to be the pioneer of "the Reserve," and the connecting link between the two companies.

In 1795 Connecticut sold her lands to the "Connecticut Land Company," and thus the two great companies became rivals in the settlement of the Territory. The Ohio Company commenced their settlement at Marietta in April 1788—eight years before the Connecticut Company commenced theirs.

As early as January 1785, a treaty had been concluded at Fort McIntosh, (near Beaver) with the Indians, by which it was declared that the boundary between the United States and the Indians should "commence at the mouth of the Cuyahoga to extend up the river to the Portage, between that and the Tuscarora branch of the Muskingum, then down that branch to the crossing above Fort Laurens" (near Bolivar).

The Indians being still dissatisfied, a new treaty was made with them, by Gov. St. Clair in 1789, by which the boundaries as fixed by the treaty of Fort McIntosh were confirmed.

This did not, however, produce the results anticipated, and the Indians seemed determined to hold on to their beloved rivers Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas. This produced the fatal expeditions of Harmar in 1790, and St. Clair in '91, and the victorious expedition of Wayne in '94. In the spring of 1794 the army assembled at Fort Greenville, now the County seat of Darke county, and on the 20th of August, of that year, encountered the combined Indian forces at the foot of the Maumee rapids and then, forever, broke down the Indian spirit. At least a dozen tribes were engaged in the Battle, and nearly every chief except Richardville, chief of the Miamies, was slain. In August 1795 Wayne concluded a treaty, at Greenville, with some of these tribes, by which they confirmed the treaty of Fort McIntosh, and the Cuyahoga river and Portage Path were again established as the Western Boundary of the United States.

But 56 years have passed since the title to the ground on which we stand was decided by the arbitration of the sword and tomahawk; and fifty years have not yet passed since the ground on which the public buildings are located, were in the undisputed possession of the red men of the forest.

In July, 1796, one year after the formation of the Connecticut Land Company, the first surveying party arrived at Cleveland, and in the fall of that year the first permanent settlement was made where that city now stands. In September and October of that year the city was laid out, and was named in honor of Gen. Moses Cleveland, of Connecticut, who was one of the exploring party. Cleveland was then on the western verge of the United

States, the river only separating it from the Indian land. But two families remained there through the winter of '96--7, and their nearest neighbors were at River Raisin, the mouth of Big Beaver, and Conneaut. Sickness and other causes conspired to retard its growth, and from January '99 to April 1800, a period of 16 months, Lorenzo Carter, from Rutland, Vermont, was the only inhabitant of that city.

The spring of '99 was a noted era in the history of the Reserve. A grist-mill was erected at the Falls in Newburgh, in which the inhabitants could get their corn ground, instead of pounding it. This was the first mill on the Reserve.

In May '99, Lewis Day, and others, arrived at Deerfield, Portage County, in a wagon, which, so far as I can learn, was the first wagon ever so far west; and on the 7th of November of that year, Gen. John Campbell married a daughter of Mr. Ely, which I believe was the first wedding in the bounds of Portage County, which then included this. They were married by Calvin Austin Esq., of Warren, who, in company with Calvin Pease, afterwards Judge of our Supreme Court, came to the wedding on foot, there being no roads.

The first permanent settlement made in this county, was in 1800, by David Hudson, at what is now called Hudson, in honor of him. This year had nearly proved fatal to the whites, through the imprudence of two men, McMahon and Story, who killed Capt. George and Spotted John, two Indians, at the salt works in Trumbull County. McMahon was tried and acquitted. Stacy fled. Onondaga George was present and insisted upon taking immediate vengeance by an indiscriminate slaughter of the whites before they had time to unite for defence; but captain Peters, another chief, was bribed by the whites, and he prevented the extermination of the white race on the Reserve.

McMahon in the war of 1812 served in the north western army under Harrison, and was discharged in Nov. of that year, and took a path for the Old Portage, but was overtaken by some Indians and made to pay the penalty of the Salt Spring murder.

The first mail route through any part of this county was established by Mr. Granger, P. M. General, in 1805, from Pitts-

burgh to Warren, Ashtabula and Cleveland, thence to Hudson in this county—then through the wilderness to Deerfield, and then to Pittsburgh, which route was performed weekly on horseback.

In 1806 one of those occurrences happened that again endangered the peace of the settlement. Some Mohawk Indians encamped in Deerfield, conceiving themselves wronged in a horse trade, shot Daniel Diver through the head. The party consisted of John Mohawk, Bigson and his two sons. At this time all the militia in Portage county composed one Battalion under the command of Maj. Ryers of Deerfield. He assembled some of his men, and started in pursuit. On the following night they overtook the Indians encamped on the western bank of the Cuyahoga, in what is now Boston. They fired upon them, and killed Nicksaw, and took Bigson and his son prisoners. It was in the depth of winter, and the Indians were taken back, bound, and not even allowed the covering that would have made a brute comfortable.

The consequences were that the Indians were frozen so that they were crippled for life. They were tried and acquitted, as the act was that of Mohawk, in consequence of a quarrel between him and Diver, in which the others had no part. But though acquitted he could no longer pursue the chase. His squaw perished in the woods after his capture, and the poor old Indian and his sons would sit for hours on the banks of the Mahoning, and weep over their fallen condition. What made his regrets more painful was, he had ever been the friend of the whites—served under Wayne in his battle with the Indians—had been entrusted with important charges, and ever proved faithful to his trust.—Such was the gratitude—such the reward bestowed by the whites.*

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* Capt. Heman Oviatt, of Richfield, who lived in Hudson at the time of the capture of Bigson, says:

"Bigson was brought to my house, bare-footed, and begged of me a pair of moccasins, to keep his feet from freezing. I was going to give him a pair when, Major Rogers threatened to put me under guard, if I did, and he was taken away without any."

In "Ohio, its history and antiquities," page 417, it is said:

"The narrator has seen this old frost-bitten chief, Bigson, who had been almost frozen to death," etc.

In 1811 Onondaga George, with a large body of Indians were found stationed along the river without any apparent object.—The Indians were sulky and hostile, and Capt. George, as he was called, would flourish his tomahawk and scalping knife in apparent defiance. After a few days they disappeared as suddenly as they appeared, and have not been seen here since. Three days after their departure news came of the Battle of Tippecanoe. It was then evident that they were a part of the great Indian plan for exterminating the whites, and had the issue of that battle been different, Capt. George with his band would have destroyed all the scattered settlements west of the Cuyahoga.—During the time they remained they kept a "look out" on a high bluff point west of the place where the second lock is located at Old Portage.

Their runners brought intelligence of the Indian defeat, to them, three days before the news reached the whites.

On the bursting out of the war of 1812, so important was the Old Portage deemed as a military post, that Gen. Wadsworth, with a portion of the army, was stationed there on the bank west of the two Locks; but so signal had been the defeat of the Indians at Tippecanoe, that few, if any, have ever returned to their favorite haunts on the Cuyahoga, or traversed their war-path across the Portage. Their council fires are extinguished—the warwhoop is still—the war-path untrodden. The furnace stands on the cold council hearth—the shuttle and the mill are heard instead of the war-whoop—and the railroad and canal occupy the war-path. Most of them have gone with their chief, Tecumseh, to the Great Spirit; the survivors have been driven to the setting sun—civilization has been advanced by their destruction, but humanity weeps over the wrongs, and extinction, of the Red man of the forest.

On the extinction of the Indian title, settlers began to flock in. In 1811 Maj. Spicer, Amos Spicer, Paul and B. Williams made a settlement a little east of the present corporation, where Maj. Spicer, and his Lady, formerly Mrs. Williams, still reside on the old location, surrounded by his own, and the descendants of the others.

Immediately on the location of the Ohio Canal, Gen. Perkins and Paul Williams laid out Akron, and it began to improve. The first house erected was the building on the corner of Main and Exchange streets, now occupied by Mr. McDonald as a Tavern. The timber was cleared from the ground where it stands, and the house erected, in Sept. 1825, after the Town was located, but before it was named.

In 1827 Akron had become a Port, and Woolsey Wells, Esq., was Attorney at Law, Justice of the Peace, Postmaster, and Canal Collector, for the Port of Akron. I have in my Cabinet of curiosities, his desk, about two feet by eighteen inches, that contained, in its pigeon holes, all the files, and documents of his multifarious offices. He, with Major Mills, Joshua King, and Joseph Keeler, the last of whom kept a little log grocery on the bank North of the Summit House, then composed the business part of Akron.

In 1831 Dr. Crosby, to whom Akron owes a debt that can never be cancelled, conceived the project of bringing the Little Cuyahoga, from Middlebury, round to Akron, and thus creating an immense water-power.

No sooner was the project conceived than it was undertaken, and before his plan could be comprehended, by others, he had "Cascade mill race" dug, and the Stone-mill in operation.

In 1832, Charles W. Howard, one of the most enterprising business men that ever lived in Akron, erected the building on the corner, known as Hall's store, which was burnt February, 1851. In honor of his enterprise the proprietors named the principal steet, after him, "Howard Street." The Town at this time, contained about 600 inhabitants.

The first Canal Boat, for Cleveland cleared from Akron, July 4, 1827, causing great rejoicing, as it moved off at a speed of three miles an hour through the Portage and Northampton hills.

It is usually thought that business and literature are incompatible with each other—but if the number of publications is evidence of the literature of Akron, she is the Athens of Ohio.—No less than twenty-two periodicals have been published in this town since 1836. The first was "The Akron Weekly Post," by

Madison H. White—the first number of which was issued March 19, 1836; then the "Akron Journal," by C. Bryan; "The Era," by J. F. Fenn; "The American Balance," by Smith and Galloway; "The Buzzard," by Jedediah Brownbread; "Glad Tidings," by Whitney, Davis, and Doolittle; "The Flower of the West," by Allison and Rumrix; "The Pestalozzian," by S. L. Sawtell and Co.; "The Cascade Roarer," by S. A. Lane and Co.; "Summit Beacon," by H. Bowen; "The Flail," by L. L. Howard; "The American Democrat," by H. Canfield; "The Casket," "Free-Soil Platform," "Akron Eagle," "Free Democrat," "True Kindred," "Akron Offering," "Free Democratic Standard," "The Sockdolager," "The Whip," and the "School-Mistress."

As an additional evidence of our being a literary people, the Legislature in 1844 chartered a college in Akron, with power to confer literary, legal, medical, and theological degrees, which is in full force, to be acted upon when the times and circumstances render it expedient.

Such is a brief outline of the ancient history of Akron. When we look forward, we are lost in wonder. The Portage Path, the ancient boundary of the United States, is now the dividing line between the East and the West. Instead of the Indian trail the Railroad is running in all directions; and when the route conecting the Pittsburgh and Cleveland, with the Central Rail-road at Wooster shall be completed—when our immense beds of stone-coal, iron and pottery, shall have an opening to market—when our flour, by a speedy transportation to market, can come in competition with the New York and Eastern production—when the milk from our dairies can be sent while yet almost warm, to the New York market, Akron will indeed be not only the child of promise, but of fulfillment.

By the fires of June, and September 1848, December 1849, and February 1851, the business part of ancient Akron has been laid in ruins, but, like the Phœnix, she has arisen from the ashes, reinvigorated, rejuvenated, and beautified. This is "our much loved home."

BATH TOWNSHIP.

This Township is No. 3, in the 12th Range which makes it one tier of townships west of the Cuyahoga, and was included in the land purchased of the Indians, at the treaty of Fort Industry in 1805. It was originally called Wheatfield, and is so called in the original survey book of Col. Rial McArthur, and R. Warden, who surveyed the township into lots in 1808, three years after the purchase of the Indians. How long the township continued to be called by that name cannot be definitely known, as it gradually went out of use. In 1810 Jason Hammond, Theodore Hammond, and others settled in this township, and it gradually took the name of Hammondsburgh; and I have letters now in my possession, written in 1847, directed to "Jason Hammond, Hammondsburgh, No. 3, 12 Range, Western Reserve, State of Ohio."

The township was organized in 1818, and when the question was put, "what shall it be called?" Deacon Jonathan Hale, who had a little of the wag in him, replied: "call it Jerusalem, or Jerico, or Bath, or anything but Hammondsburgh;" upon which it was immediately christened Bath.

The township belonged to several proprietors, among whom were Ezekiel Williams, and Thomas Bull, of Hartford, Connecticut. In June, 1810, Jonathan Hale, of Glastenbury, Connecticut, exchanged his land there, with Mr. Bull, for lands in this township. Jason Hammond, of Bolton, Connecticut, had previously, in the same year, exchanged his lands with Mr. Bull, for lands in this township. Mr. Hammond having the first choice, and Mr. Hale the second.

In June 1810, Mr. Hale and Mr. Hammond both left Connecticut for their new homes; Mr. Hammond leaving four days before Mr. Hale, but arrived two weeks later. These were the first legal settlers in Bath, although Aaron Miller, Gibson Gates, Hezekiah Burdit, Aaron and Moses Decker, and Moses Latta, had *squatted* previously. They came into the town in the spring of 1810.

An anecdote, here, will illustrate the mode of traveling, and expedition of those days. Mr. Hale left Connecticut, with his family, in a wagon drawn by oxen the 12th of June 1810. Just after he passed Canandaigua, in the State of New York, he overtook a man on foot, with a bag on his back, containing meat, bread, and oats—provisions for himself and family, and horse. He was followed by his wife on horseback, with a little boy behind her. On coming up a conversation ensued, which I cannot give any better than in Mr. Hale's own words.

Says the footman to Mr. Hale:

"Where *mout* you be going, stranger?"

"To Ohio."

"I swan," says he, "I am going there too. What part of Ohio, stranger?"

"To town 3, Range 12."

"I swan," says he; "so am I."

I said to him: "I have the second choice in the Bull tract, in that township."

"Then," saye he, "I swan, you will go right into my house—for I have got the best house in Wheatfield. I hewed the logs and split the floor from an ash log."

I found it to be Aaron Miller, the father of Morris Miller, one of our best men in Bath.

Miller passed Hale and arrived in Wheatfield before him. He had located on lot eleven, built a cabin, and been back for his family. Moses Latta on the lot east of Mr. Capron's, on what is now the road from Ellis' corners to Old Portage. Mr. Hale arrived on the 4th of July 1810, and sure enough he drove right up to the house of Aaron Miller. His team being weary, he enquired of Miller where he could find a pasture to turn them.—Miller replied "the wide world is before you." Such was the accommodation of the first settlers.

Jason Hammond, having the first claim, selected lots 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. Jonathan Hale, having the second claim, selected lots 11, 12, 13, and part of 14. These two locations embraced the land lying between the Cuyahoga River and the high hills west, and were the site of the old Mingo town.

On an old map, published by Lewis Evans in 1755, a copy of which is given on page 120 of "Ohio, its History and Antiquities," it will be seen that the Mingoes are located on the Cuyahoga River, a little above the Tawas—which were in Northampton.—The "French house," there laid down, although the author thinks it is in Brooklin, was, undoubtedly at Ponty's camp in Boston. If there is any correctness in the map, this is undoubtedly, the location of that trading post.

The Mingoes who inhabited this valley when Hale and the Hammonds located, were a band of the Cayugas. Skikellimus, the father of "Logan, the Mingo chief," was the chief of this band, and once lived at Shamokin, in the State of Pennsylvania, where he became a convert to christianity under the preaching of the Moravians. He was ever the friend of the whites, and so highly did he esteem James Logan, then the secretary of the Province, that he named his son "Logan," after him. This was the celebrated "Logan the Mingo chief," whose speech, at Old Chillicothe, in 1774, Mr. Jefferson gives in his notes on Virginia.

It will be recollected, by all who are posted in the aboriginal history of the country, that his father, brother, and sister, were murdered near the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the Ohio, in 1774 by a party commanded by Capt. David Greathouse, one of the Indian hunters. A more base and brutal murder, was never committed. In the spring of 1774, a party of Indians encamped on the north west of the Ohio, near the mouth of Yellow Creek. A party of whites called "Greathouse's party," were encamped on the opposite bank. The Indians consisted of Logan's father, his brother, his sister and her babe. The whites got the Indians to drink rum, and when they were drunk, tomahawked the whole of them. The woman, with her babe, attempted to escape, but was shot down. Till this time Logan had been the advocate for peace—and to him the Indians had given their consent, when the news arrived from Yellow Creek. The consequence was that Logan, who had been for peace, raised the hatchet, and declared he would never bury it until he had taken ten for one. This threat he literally fulfilled. His celebrated speech, at Old Chilli-

cothe in November, 1774, at the treaty for peace, is well known to all lovers of native eloquence.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin, hungry, and he gave him no meat—if ever he came cold, and naked, and he clothed him not. During the last, long, and bloody war, Logan remained in his cabin an advocate for peace. Nay! such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me, as they passed by, and said, Logan is the friend of the white man. I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He would not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan ? Not one."

One branch of Logan's band were settled at what was called the "Old Mingo Town," on the Ohio river, three miles below Steubenville, where Logan, at one time resided, but in the Dunmore war his Town was destroyed, and the last evidence of the existence of his tribe was in Bath. Poor old Logan, the friend of the white man, broken hearted at the murder of his family, and the destruction of his tribe became a wanderer upon the earth, and was basely murdered, near Detroit, as he sat at the door of his cabin, unsuspicious of harm. Thus perished the last of the Mingoes. The remains of their town are yet to be seen in a meadow, a little north of east from Jonathan Hale's.

At the time Mr. Hale moved into the township, the Indians were very plenty, and generally friendly. The ruling passion among all was a love of whiskey. There was among them an old Chief by the name of Jambolas, who had one black eye, and one of a beautiful blue. One day, being in at Mr. Hale's he began to jabber over his Indian, when Mrs. Miller told him to talk English. Jambolas shook his head, and says—"me Indian."—Mrs. Miller said—"I know you are Indian, but you can talk

English if you have a mind to." Jambolas shook his head and says "me Indian." Mr. Hale handed him a glass of N. E. rum, that he brought from Connecticut, which the old chief drank off, smacked his lips and says—"damn Indian—me white," and pulling down the under lid, "see blue eye."

On the surrender of Gen. Hull at Detroit, in 1812, the settlers west of the Cuyahoga, became entirely exposed to the incursions of the Indians. Not knowing when an attack might be made, the inhabitants dug holes in the earth, and buried their provisions, and furniture. William Hale, a son of Jonathan, who was just old enough to see the necessity of burying those articles which were most valuable, took the pudding stick, and hid it in a split rail, where it remained till the return of "the piping notes of peace," when it was returned to its long vacant place in the cabin; where it rewarded him, many a time, with the luxury of mush, for his thoughtfulness and care.

Throughout the war Mr. Hale, and his neighbors, lived thus exposed to the tomahawk and scalping knife. As a specimen of their exposed situation, and fears—the only opening that admitted light and air, was a small hole, made by cutting a piece out of one of the logs. Such a thing as a glass window was a luxury unknown, and was beyond coveting. Every night, at dark the lights were extinguished, and the oven board put up to close the hole in the log, so as to prevent the Indians from looking in to shoot them. Mr. Hale slept with his rifle within reach, and with a loaded pistol under his pillow, and the axe within reach of his wife—and, as the old gentleman related it to me, his eyes kindled with the fire of other days, and he said—"if they had come in she would have hewed down two or three of them."

Notwithstanding the hardships and perils that the first settlers had to endure, there was not a death in the township until two years after the first settlement. In 1812 Adam Vance, an old bachelor, from Pennsylvania, was drowned in the Cuyahoga, as he was crossing it on his way to Hudson to meeting. He was the first person that died in the township, and was buried on the north side of lot 30, in what was then the north west corner of the lot laid out for a grave yard, a little south of where William

Hale now lives. His brother William was killed a few years later by a fall from a load of hay, and lies by his side.

The first school taught in the township, was kept in 1811, in the house of Aaron Miller a little north east of Jonathan Hale's, by Rachel Hammond, who is now the wife of Leman Farnum of Richfield.

In 1811 the inhabitants began to think a road a very convenient thing for a town, and they got up a petition for one, and Jonathan Hale went to Ravenna, to lay it before the Commissioners, who, on his paying $5 cost, allowed him to cut out a road, at his own expense, from Ponty's camp, in Boston, to old Portage, a distance of eleven miles.

The township was organized in 1818, and Dr. Henry Hutson elected the first Justice of the Peace, and Eleazer Rice the first constable. Rice was a small man and generally disliked. One Sunday Lewis Hammond and Isaiah Fowler, for sport tipped Rice's sled over and broke it. Rice complained of them to Squire Hutson, for a breach of the Sabbath, and as he was the only constable the warrant was placed in his hands for service. Just as he arrived with his captives, at the Squire's, Hammond and Fowler started and ran, in opposite directions. Here was a dilemma. Poor Rice could chase but one, and he, unfortunately, selected Hammond, who was a large, and powerful man. Rice came up with him, and jumping on his back, locked his arms around his neck. Hammond, without the least halt seized him by the legs, and ran away with him. This was the first trial in Bath.

Abner Robinson, the poet, who was mentioned in the history of Richfield, was a roving genius, but generally located in this town. He was "*one of 'em*," and made a graat deal of sport by his crawfish manner of expresson. Speaking one day, of Jake Morter, he says:

"Jake says, Abner, come and look at my pigs. I went, and they were fine ones. Jake says, the youngest is the oldest—no—I mean the biggest is the littlest—no—I talk like a damned fool. Any how, they looked so much apart you couldn't tell 'em alike."

This township particularly the eastern half, is rich in mineral,

and fossil remains. The wealth was discovered by the surveyors, who made the following entry in their field book:

"The attraction of the needle, on these lines (in the east part of the town) is on account of the vast quantity of iron ore that lies in the earth under where those lines pass over—or near to it. There is all the appearance of ore on the rivulets. Small pieces lifted, and held towards the needle, had particular influence on it, and by passing through these deep hollows has had particular influence on those lines.

On examination this mark of the surveyors is confirmed. On the road from Hammond's corners to Niles the stones are mostly ferruginous; and most of the land that was swampy, in a state of nature, is underlaid with a bed of bog ore; but as the country has been cleared up, and the water drained off, it has oxydized, and become what furnace men call "dead ore." There is, however, much rock ore of an excellent quality.

The most remarkable feature in the geological formation of this part of the town, is its fossil remains. In the field of Esq. Hammond, a little west of Hammond's corners, are large quantities of fossil coral, clearly showing that it was once the bed of the ocean. Fossil shells, too, underlay this part of the town, at a depth of from 30 to 50 feet. A few rods east of Judge Voris is a deep "gull," the bottom of which is a lime stone rock, of a bluish cast, composed almost entirely of salt water fossil shells.

Two miles east of there, on lots 12 and 13, and on the verge of the hill as it descends to the river, rises a small stream, called "Hale's run," which cuts through the hill at a depth of from 40 to 50 feet to the house of Jonathan Hale. The bottom of this "gull" is also composed of fossil shell limestone, which dips with the hill, so as to preserve a pretty uniform depth from the top of the bank. This fossil shell rock, when burnt, makes the whitest of lime, and can be procured in any quantities. How this vast underlay of fossil shell came to be deposited with a stratum of 50 feet of earth above it, is for geologists to determine. It is probable that it was done by that vast flood that caused the vegetation that formed our vast coral beds—and that it dates back to the antediluvian world.

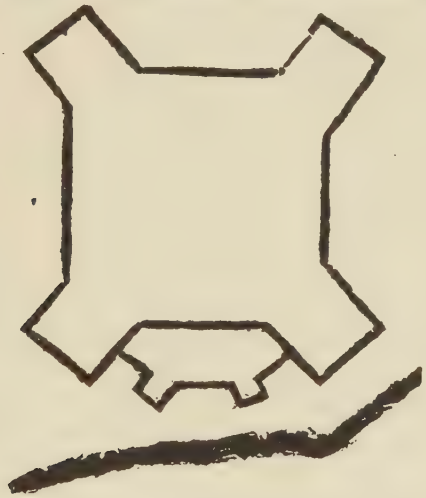
As I have had, frequently, to remark, the Cuyahoga, Portage Path, and Tuscarawas were formerly the boundary between "the six nations" and the western Indians. On the east of it were the Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Ottaways. On the west were the Delawares, Potowatomies, Wyandot, Weas, &c., and the small band of Mingoes. By reference to Lewis Evans' map of the middle British Colonies, published in 1755, and to which I have already referred, it will be seen that the Tawas, which were located in Northampton, were a little lower down than the Mingoes. This map, made at the time the Indians were at their several locations, fixes the Mingoes in Bath; the Tawas in Northampton. The Wyandots, Potawatomies, Senecas, Mohawks, and other tribes hunted on the Cuyahoga, but had no villages on the river. As would be expected, the boundary between so many nations became the theatre of war, and forts, breastworks, and entrenchments, on both sides of the river give evidence of a high state of military science and of oft repeated conflicts.

Directly east of William Hale's house, on lot eleven, is a high ridge, about a hundred rods long, terminating on the north and south ends in a perpendicular bank. On the north end of this ridge, are the remains of a fort fifteen rods in circumference, with bastions, curtains, and every other part that characterizes a scientific fortification at the present day. It was so located as to control or defend the Mingo town, when there, being about a quarter of a mile from it, and from thirty to fifty feet above it.

About a quarter of a mile north-east of this fort is another of the same form, and size, but on ground about ten feet lower down. This last is on a plateau of about a half mile in width, terminating, towards the river, very abruptly. It is covered over, as are the walls and interior of the fort, with trees of the largest growth. The curtains, bastions, and indeed the whole outline is easily traced as the walls are generally from two to three feet high.

About half a mile east of this fort is a large number of mounds, from ten to twenty feet diameter, and from three to ten feet high. These, too, with one exception, are covered with large trees, and must have existed for centuries.

A little to the south-east of these mounds is another fort, of the same size and form as the others, except it has a double wall towards the river, as is represented in the annexed figure:



It is in the south-east corner of lot eleven in Bath. The main work is exactly like the others in size and form. The river is now nearly a mile distant, though it is apparent that it once ran at the foot of the hill some twenty feet below the fort.

About a mile from this fort, on the opposite side of the river, and a little further up, is another fort, on the river bottom, in Northampton. This last fortification, is much larger than either of those on the Bath side of the river. This containing, probably, an acre and a half. As it is in a cultivated field, the plow is fast destroying this relic of antiquity.

A short distance on the North of the mounds, and about a mile South of the North line of Northampton, is a very singular fortification. Hale's run comes in from the west, and Furnace run from the north-west cutting deep channels. At a point where the banks are a hundred feet high they come so near each other as to form a sliding ridge, so narrow that but one person can pass it at a time. They then diverge and the bank between them gradually widens for 130 rods where the plat is between three

and four rods wide, terminating on the north end, as well as on the sides in perpendicular slide banks, which no one can ascend. Near the north end are four holes, about ten feet apart, arranged in a square. They have the appearance of old wells, partly filled up, and are now about four feet deep.

From this point, passing south, a few rods from the narrowest point of the neck, is a breastwork, eight rods long, with a ditch on the inside next to the neck. There is a space at each end of the breast work, of two rods, between the breast work and the bank, which is not fortified.

Two miles south-east, at the junction of "the feeder" with the canal, on the north-west corner formed by Yellow creek crossing the canal, is an extensive grave yard. It is covered with a forest of a growth as large as the surrounding woods, and its size, and number of graves, prove it to be the final resting place of an immense population. Crockery of a good quality has been taken from the graves, but nothing to fix the date of this ancient people. All we know is that they once existed—their works prove that they were almost numberless—their fortifications show them to have been warlike—their burial mounds are monuments of their desire to have their names, deeds, and memories handed down to posterity—but this evidence of their desire is all that remains. They are forgotten and their history is unknown.

BOSTON TOWNSHIP.

The first settlers in this Township were Samuel Ewart, from Ireland, and Alfred Wolcott, from Hartford, Connecticut. They came into Boston together, about the first of March 1806. Ewart building himself a house on the top of the hill a little north of east from the present village, on lot 44; and Wolcott locating in the south part of what is now called the village of Boston. Wolcott surveyed out the Township. Ewart died at Sandusky in 1815. On the 24th of March 1806 James Stanford, Abner Rob-

inson, and Adam and William Vance, came into the Township together. They were soldiers in Wayne's army. Mr. Stanford died January 13, 1827. Abner Robinson died about five years ago. Adam Vance was drowned in the Cuyahoga in 1812, and his brother William was killed by a fall from a load of hay a few years later.

There was then an Indian settlement near the north line of the Township, below the present site of the village. They were Senecas, under their Chief Stygwanish, or Seneca. An orchard planted by the Indians, is still standing near their old village ground. Ponty's Camp is about half a mile north west of this old village, on the West side of the river. It was a celebrated place in early times, and was one of the great land marks of the country. It was at this place where Major Rogers, with his forces, overtook Nicksaw, and the other Indians who were present when Daniel Diver was shot, in Deerfield, 1806. It was a celebrated place for the collecting of war parties, previous to starting on their expeditions. They had erected here, a wooden God—a kind of home-made Mars—to whom they made offerings, and sacrifices, to propitiate his favor, before starting on a war-march. The offering generally consisted of tobacco—and, on leaving they usually hung two or three pounds around his neck, for his use during their absence. Abner Robinson, and Bob Mays, whom I had occasion to mention in the sketches of Richfield and Bath, loving tobacco better than hard work, volunteered to minister at the altar of this Indian Deity; and what of the sacrifice was not eaten by the God, was stolen by the Priests.

James Stanford came from Pennsylvania to Boston, but was a native of Ireland, and came to the United States in 1795.

In 1814 George Wallace of Cleveland purchased the land where Brandywine village now stands, and erected a saw-mill—and in the fall of that year erected a gristmill at the same place. The subsequent year he brought on a store of goods. These were the first mills, and the first store in Boston. The tract embracing the village, and mills has since been attached to Northfield.

In 1821 Capt. W. Mather erected a large flouring mill on the Cuyahoga river, at Boston village. It is now owned by J. D. Edson of Akron.

Harmon Bronson came into the Township in 1825, and settled on tract 2, about half a mile west of the village of Peninsula, where he built a sawmill on a small run since called sawmill run, where J. H. Curtiss has now a tannery.

Near the centre of the Township is a large bend in the Cuyahoga, which forms a peninsula, the course of the river being a mile, and coming within sixty feet of the starting point. In 1831 Mr. Bronson commenced tunnelling through this neck, by which, having a dam of ten inches high on the opposite side, he secured a fall of six feet in the river. On the lower end of this tunnel he erected a flouring mill, which he still occupies.

In the speculating seasons of 1836-'37 it was supposed that Boston would soon rival its eastern namesake. Alfred and Irad Kelley, and other capitalists formed a company called "The Boston Land Company," purchased the land in and around the village, laid out a city, and made calculations, like most other proprietors of paper cities, but to be disappointed. The city is still there, but the inhabitants are missing. This Township, which is Town 5, Range 11, being one of the equalizing Townships, was cut up into strips, and attached to other Townships to make them equal to the average Townships of the Reserve. Tract 1 in this Township, lying on the north end, and west of the Cuyahoga, was attached to Eaton, in Lorain county, and belonged to Judge Kirtland. Tract 2 lying south of tract 1, was attached to No. 5, in Range 15, now Columbia, in Lorain county, and belonged to Levi Bronson, Harmon Bronson, Azor Bronson, J. Prichard, and Calvin Hoadly.

The equalizing of the Townships was done by a committee who went through each Township from east to west, and from north to south. In going through Columbia they went north about three-fourths of a mile west of the centre, which was swampy almost the whole way. In passing through from east to west, they went about a mile and a half north of the centre, crossing Rocky River where there was no bottom land, and they set the Township down at third rate, and attached Tract 2, in Boston, to it, to make it average.

When Judge Kirtland surveyed out his tract (tract 1) which was set to Eaton, he found a surplus of 200 acres. He then ordered his surveyor, Alfred Wolcott, to survey Tract 2, which was attached to Columbia. Here was found a surplus of 400 acres, and Kirtland ordered his surveyor to equalize the Tracts by taking 129 acres from tract 2, and attaching it to tract 1. Th s 129 acres Kirtland afterward sold to Robert, and Thomas Brannan—the first payment for which was made in a barrel of whiskey—which, in those days was a legal tender. When Harmon Bronson came into the Township, finding the Brannans on his tract, he commenced an action of ejectment against them, and after a severe litigation Kirtland's equalizing was set aside, and the Brannans ousted.

From the numerous streams running through the Township, it might be supposed to be unhealthy—but observation proves this not to be the case. In 1830 there were living in the Township, five persons of about 100 years of age. Henry Brown, Andrew Johnson, Thomas Brannan, Eleazer Gillson, and Eleazer Mather. The first three of them were Irishmen. Brown died in 1831, aged 103, Brannan in 1829, Johnson in 1834, Gillson in 1841.

At the building of the canal one of the laborers died, and just before the lid of the coffin was screwed down, old Brannan went to take Irish leave of him. Looking down upon his departed countrymen he says: "Pathric, you and I have long been friends. We have taken many a good glass of grog togither—but now we must part. Pathric, ye have got intil a house ye can niver get out of—Pace to yer ashes, Pathric!"

When digging the canal, in this Township, near what is called Jonny cake Lock, a number of ancient skulls were dug up, and thrown up with them were antique copper coin. Being considerably corroded, they were considered of no value, and lost, or thrown away.

The date, and coining cannot now be ascertained. Whether these skulls have any connection with the fortifications described in Bath, which are about a mile south of the Lock, can never be known. If the skulls exhumed at the Lock had been preserved,

so as to compare them with those found in the mounds, and forts in Bath, it might have thrown some light on the subject—but the skulls, like the coins, were thrown away as worthless. Science has lost the benefit of the comparison.

Jonny cake Lock took its name in 1828 from the following circumstance:—

In the spring of that year, soon after the boats started on the canal, there was an extraordinary freshet in Furnace run, which, flowing into the canal entirely stopped navigation. A large number of boats being thus *water bound*, the crews and passengers eat up all their provisions, and all that could be got in the neighborhood, except corn meal. They had to live on Jonny cake while repairs were making in the canal. It was *new* Jonny cake for breakfast, *warmed up* for dinner, *cold* for supper. Many attempts have been made to change its name; but to no purpose. *Jonny cake* will stick to it as long as the lock exists.

Abner Robinson, the Poet, spent the latter part of his life near this lock. Billings Chaffee Esq., for many years a worthy Justice of the Peace, also lived in the vicinity, and was often called upon to measure out Justice to Abner. Abner often dissented from the opinion of the court, and usually gave his dissenting opinion in verse. On one occasion when Judge Bliss was opposing counsel to Abner, and the decision adverse, Abner gave off impromptu:

"My name is Billings Chaffee,
In Boston I do dwell;—
There's not a neighbor in the Town,
But wishes me in hell.
They say that I am partial,
And all such stuff as this,
That I've no judgment of my own,
But am controll'd by Bliss."

Lois Ann Gear taught the first school in the Township, in the summer of 1811. The school house stood near where the house of George Stanford now stands. Miss Gear afterwards married Phineas White, who died in 1816. She afterwards married a

Mr. Barnard, and she is now living in Cincinnati, over three score and ten years of age.

Malinda Wolcott, daughter of Alfred Wolcott, was the first white child born in the Township. She was born April 14, 1807, is now the wife of Sherman Oviatt, and is living in Hudson.— Henry Post jr., was the first male child born in the Township, and was born on the 8th of April 1809 and is now living in Boston. Mary Ann Post, a daughter of Henry Post Sr., was the first person that died in the Township. She died June 9th, 1808.

Henry Post came into the Township in 1806, and moved his fomily into it in 1807. He raised the first crop of wheat in Boston. He is now living near Brandywine in a healthy, vigorous old age.

The first marriage in the Township was William Carter and Betsy Mays, on the 29th of July 1812. They are still living in Boston. Israel Ozman of Boston was married in 1812, at Richfield, to Susan Mallett.

Harmon Bronson, Levi Bronson, Azor Bronson, Calvin Hoadly, and Jared Prichard, owned Tract 2 in Boston; that being attached, as already stated to Tract 5 in the 15th Range (Columbia) to equalize it. H. Bronson was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, Dec. 18, 1773, and in 1805 formed the copartnership with his brothers, Hoadly and Prichard to purchase a Township in "New Connecticut." In 1807 Mr. Bronson came out on foot to see his land, and being pleased with the country, he returned to his family with whom, in Sept. 1809, he left Connecticut for Ohio. He came by land as far as Buffalo, and then took passage on the "Ranger," Capt. Hathaway, and landed at Cleveland on the 1st of Nov. 1809. He soon after moved on to his Township (Columbia) where, during the year he was joined by his partners. Owning some land in Euclid, (now East Cleveland,) he removed on to that in 1820. He built the first barn in Euclid, for Timothy Doan. It was built on the West side of the road nearly opposite to where Samuel Dodge now lives. It is still standing.— It was built in the spring of 1810. He also built the first sawmill in Euclid, for Seth Doane, and John Shaw, on nine mile run below where Mr. Coit now lives. This was built in 1810. He

also built the first frame house, and first frame barn in Columbia, Lorain County. The house was built in 1816, and the barn in 1818. In 1825 he moved on to his land, (Tract 2,) in Boston, where he has since resided, and still resides in a healthful and vigorous old age. His family are all living, and in Nov. before last they all made a visit at the paternal mansion. Cuyahoga county was organized in May 1810. Judge Benjamin Ruggles presiding in the Court of Common Pleas. At the second Term of said Court Harmon Bronson was foreman of the Grand Jury.—This Term commenced Nov. 6, 1810, when Alfred Kelley was admitted to practice as an Attorney, and was also appointed Prosecutor. The Court ordered that "the Prosecutor be entitled to the sum of $15 a Term for his services up to this November Term, inclusive."

Boston was long celebrated for its Banking Institution. It was, about 1832, the most extensive banking establishment in Ohio, if not in the Union. The officers of the Bank were William G. Taylor, who lived on the lower end of Water Street, Cleveland, nearly opposite the Light House, where his house now stands.—Dan Brown, of Rising Sun, Indiana, James Brown, of Boston, and Col. William Ashley from Vermont. A more noble set of men never met to consult on the affairs of the State Bank of Ohio; and, excepting the fact that they never had a charter from the State, authorizing them to swindle, a more honest set of men never congregated as "a Board of Control." Taylor was a lawyer, a man of education and talent, and wealthy. Dan Brown was a merchant; the finest looking, and most accomplished gentleman in the West. James Brown is too well known to need a description. Those who knew him twenty years ago, will endorse the portrait when I say he was one of the finest looking men in Ohio. Over six feet in height, well proportioned, his hair black as the raven, a little curly, and it was proverbial that his word was as good as a bond. Col. Ashley was from Vermont, where he started his banking operations; but being hard pressed he fled to Slab city, in Canada, from which he was compelled to flee, when he came to Boston in 1822. One of the finest specimens of a man, with the exterior, and manners that would adorn

any society, he sunk the gentleman in the Banker. After various vicisitudes in 1832 they started a grand scheme of financiering, in which, if they had succeeded they would have rivalled the Board of Control of the State Bank of Ohio.

This was to swindle the world. They discounted an immense amount of bills on the United States Bank, with which they contemplated visiting Europe, and even China, and exchanging the United States Bank paper for the products of those countries.—They were arrested, however, in New Orleans. Dan Brown died there in the Calaboose. James Brown was used as a witness against Taylor, who was acquitted, and became a vagabond on the earth. Ja's Brown was subsequently arrested, and sent to the Penitentiary for ten years, by the United States Court, but was pardoned by President Taylor. Ashley died in the Penitentiary of Ohio in 1838. Abram Holmes, one of the Stock-holders, became a fugitive from Justice, but returned in 1837 with a consumption, of which he soon after died. Daniel Brown, a son of James was arrested when but eighteen years old for discounting their issues in Lorain County, but was liberated by a technicality of law, from thence became a fugitive from justice, not having a place on which to set his foot in safety till 1851, when he saved the officers of Justice any further trouble by dying. The balance of the stockholders having more skill in the science of banking, shared the profits, but avoided the liabilities. James Brown, *it is said*, is preparing a history of those banking operations, in which will figure some of the *magnates* of the land. They shared the profits, while Brown had to meet the responsibilities. Thus fell the bank of Boston; since which no Township is superior in morality, good order, and intelligence to Boston. Since speculators and Bankers have left, industry, honesty, and prosperity are characteristics of the Township.

The township was organized on the 15th of January 1811. The qualified electors met on that day at the house of Timothy Bishop for the purpose of electing two Justices of the Peace, and other town officers. Capt. Abram Miller was chairman; Timothy Bishop, Lemuel More, and Jonathan Eldings Judges of election. Alfred Wolcott, and Moses Cunningham were elected the first

Justices. William Beer, Town Clerk. Aaron Miller, Andrew Johnson, and Timothy Bishop, Trustees. It would seem that they could not get any one to act as *fence viewer*, in the Township, for in the records of Boston is the following entry :

" Richfield, June 8th, 1814. Personally came before me, *my father*, John Farnam, and was qualified, according to law, to perform the office of fence viewer.

Leman Farnum, J. Peace."

On the 5th of April, 1813, Isaac Ozman was elected clerk, and Isaac Ozman, and Henry Post were elected appraisers of property. They both reside in the Township at this time, and with the exception of Nathaniel Oviatt, of Richfield, are all the survivors of the thirteen officers that were elected at that time. Isaac Ozman, and Henry Post have been retained in office nearly ever since.

At that early day, when forests were more plenty than enclosures, hogs were free commoners, and lived in the woods. Furnace run, in the south part of the Township, on the line between Richfield and Boston, was a great resort for them, as " shack" was plenty. Two men became quite noted for selling a great deal of pork, when they raised none. One night some wag hung a hogs skin before the door of one of them, as a sign, and a hog's head before the other, the eyes looking into the house. Abner Robinson, the Poet, immortalized them in his inimitable verse, which, *like the writings* of Homer, were never written, but handed down by tradition:

" There is a man on Furnace run
Who keeps a dog, but not a gun,
In hunting hogs he takes great pride,
He lives by the sign of " the hog's hide."

Another neighbor lives close by,
And lives by " the sign of the pig's eye;"
" Hog's hide" to " pig's eye" thus did say,
We will catch hogs while others pray."

One of the suspected ones, sometime after, professed to have had a change of heart, and became apparently, very pious. One

of the neighbors soon after missed a spotted hog, and on making search for it, found it in this convert's cellar. Fearing an unenviable immortality from Abner's poetic Chronicles, he went to him, and begged of him not to make any verses about it to which Abner agreed. A few days after *one* verse was found written on tree, where the bark was peeled off:

"Martin M. is a righteous man,
He will go to Heaven if he can,
But it never was in his Bible, wrote
That he should steal that spotted shoat."

Shortly after the appearance of this *pastoral* Abner got benighted near M.'s house and as it was raining, tremendously, he asked the hospitalities of a shelter, and lodging for the night.—M. told him as he had *sung* in pleasant weather he might now *dance* in the storm, and shut the door in his face. Abner, though somewhat *wet*, thought his neighbor "rather dry."

In the construction of the Ohio canal, Alfred Kelly was chief engineer, and generally pretty rigid with the contractors. This caused great complaint, and many fervent wishes were expressed for his ultimate destiny in a region where there was no water, for canal or any other purposes. Abner expressed his desires in verse, one of which was:

"Old Beelzebub, when he gets him there,
Will take him by the throat,
And hold him in the brimstone fire,
And singe his blanket coat."

COPLEY TOWNSHIP.

This is Town 2, in Range 12, in a part of what was originally called Wolf Creek township. That embraced what are now Copley and Norton, in Summit county, and Wadsworth, Sharon, Guilford and Montville in Medina. In the division of the Western Reserve this township fell to Gardner Green, and others, of Boston, and was originally called Greenfield. It was subsequently called Copley, in honor of Green's wife, who was a Copley,—a descendant of Lord Copley of England.

It was organized into a distinct township, with its present boundaries, in July, 1819. At the first election for Justice of the Peace, Jonathan Starr, and Joseph Bosworth were candidates. Bosworth received seven votes, and Starr six. This election was set aside, and a new one ordered, at which Starr was elected.—His commission bears date June 10, 1820. Starr was also the first Town Clerk, and taught the first school in the township, in the winter of 1819-'20. The school house stood on the north-east corner formed by the cross roads at the centre of the township. After acting a prominent part in the public affairs of the county, as well as of the township, he was killed by a fall, in Akron, December 18, 1851. He was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, and came to Copley in 1818. He was a man of strong mind, inflexible in his opinions, and honest in his views.

The first settler in the township was Jonah Turner, who came from Pennsylvania, and settled on the stone ridge, east of Miller's Tavern, in 1814. He belonged to Major Croghan's battallion that marched through to Fort Stevenson in 1812-'13. They marched through on the Smith road, and encamped on the ground where Alfred Sweet now lives. While encamped there Turner selected his land on which he subsequently lived, and died.—William Green also moved in this year, from Canaan, Connecticut. His son, Leander, is now living in Bath.

In the fall of 1815 George Hawkins moved into the township, from Vermont; and on the 29th day of December his wife pre-

sented him with a son, whom they named George Washington. This was the first white child born in the Township. He is still living.

In 1816 Lawrence More moved into the Township from Pittsburgh, where he had been Superintendent in quarrying stone for the United States Arsenal. At that early day, More, seeing the evils of intemperance, prohibited the use of spirits by his workmen in the quarries, and for five years that he was superintendent, he strictly enforced the prohibition.

He was a Scotchman, from the "Lowlands," and came to America in 1797. He was a seafaring man, and soon after he came to America was impressed from an American ship by the British Frigate "Tartar," on board of which he served six years, and he finally purchased his release by paying $1,225. In 1813 he was captured by a British bomb ship and carried to England, where he was imprisoned, in the celebrated "Dartmoor Prison," at the time the American prisoners were fired upon by their British guard.

More was Justice of the Peace before Copley was organized, and served out his time after the organization. The first law-suit in the Township was before him, between David Point and William Green. Point's wife had lent a large spinning wheel to Green's wife, and after all but the rim had been taken back, a controversy arose between them, and Green's wife refused to carry the rim back. Point went to More and demanded a writ, which he refused to give, but went, in person, to Green's, and with official dignity commanded—"*hand it out.*" Mrs. Green, as a law abiding citizen should do, gave up the wheel-rim, which More returned to Mrs. Point, saying—"you keep the grass too well trod between your houses, let it grow thicker, and you will agree better." They took the advice literally: allowed the grass to grow in the path between the houses, and their quarrels ended.

Esq. More is still living, at a good old age, on the dividing ridge in the northwest corner of the township.

In 1817 Allen Bosworth, long a prominent citizen, moved into the township from Rhode Island. He settled on the northwest corner, at the centre, where his log shanty yet stands. In this

shanty, on the 11th of January, 1818, was born Delos Bosworth, the second white child born in the township. He now lives on lot 14, on the "Ledge-road," from Ayres' settlement to the centre of Copley. Heman and Aaron Oviatt now own the farm on which Allen Bosworth settled. He died in 1841.

In 1818 Jacob Spafford, from Chittenden Co., Vermont, moved his family into Copley and settled on Chestnut-ridge, near where Asahel Chapman now lives. Mrs. Spafford was a daughter of Gov. Chittenden. Mr. Spafford was long a prominent citizen of this township, and with Esq. More, held the office of Overseer of the Poor, almost continually till his death: until it formed a district:—

"Jacob Spafford, Lawrence More, Overseers of the Poor."

A man by the name of Gat Yale also moved in this year.—Gat's morals were rather loose, and one Sunday a bear, probably thinking he was at meeting, came to his house to get a pig. Gat was at home, and shot him. For this he was prosecuted before Esq. More, who, retaining a little of the spirit of "the covenanters o' the land o' cakes and haggis," fined him a dollar for shooting on Sunday. Gat became disgusted with Christian discipline—joined the Mormons, and is now at Salt Lake.

Nathaniel Davis and family moved into Copley this year and settled on the ridge North of the center; and in 1819 Chester Orcutt, from Monroe county, New York, moved in with his family, and settled at the cross roads North of Davis.

The first marriage was Smith Hull to Rebecca Davis. Hull died in 1824, and his widow subsequently married his brother Ozias, with whom she still lives on the farm of her former husband.

Thomas Beckwith was the first person that died in Copley.—He died in June, 1820. He was the first "Chairman" of the Township—the town records saying:—

"1st. Voted that Thomas Beckwith serve as Chairman; then adjourned to the barn of Allen Bosworth for the purpose of doing business."

In April, 1820, he was elected Supervisor, but died in the June following. He was from Hartford, Connecticut, and settled on

the first lot west of the center. The night before he died, preachers being rather scarce. 'Squire Trescott, of Solon, asked the privilege of praying with him, to which Beckwith assented.—Beckwith, listening awhile, got out of patience, and says,—"Trescott, your prayers do no good. If you pray for *me*, do it openly like a man."

The population had now so increased that they began to adopt the fashions, and introduce the luxuries of refined life. On the first of January, 1821, a magnificent ball was got up, at which the fashion and beauty of the West appeared in native splendor. Smith Hull furnished the substantials, and all of the luxuries except whiskey and music, for which each gentleman was to pay him two days' work in chopping. The guests were to furnish their own whiskey, and pay the fiddler. Roswell Barnett "discoursed sweet music" to them on cat-gut, and horse-hair, for which each couple paid him a bushel of corn.

The first Temperance Society in Ohio, with a Constitution, and regular organization was formed at a log school-house on the north-west corner of Copley, on the 29th of January, 1829.—Many had previously engaged in the Temperance cause, and were laboring for its promotion. Several had, before this, began to move in it in Hudson and Tallmadge; and Harvey Baldwin, of Hudson, had gone so far as to *refuse ardent spirits on the raising of a cider press.* But down to January, 1829, I cannot find that any had gone so far as to organize into a society with a constitutional prohibition of its use.

Near the close of 1828, some ecclesiastical body connected with the Presbyterian church, recommended to those under their charge the observance of a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, on account of the prevailing sin of Intemperance. A meeting was held, on the evening of the day recommended, at the school house on the corner of Copley, Sharon, Bath and Granger. After several prayers for a temperance reformation, and when the meeting was about to adjourn, a person present, who was not a professor, asked the following question—"Is it consistent for Christians to pray for the abrogation of any particular sin, or evil, when their actions and influence favor its continuation?"

To this question, of course, a negative answer was given—when the inconsistency of their position became so apparent that a committee was forthwith appointed to draft and present to a subsequent meeting a constitution for a temperance society.—No one then present had ever seen a temperance pledge and very few had ever heard of a *cold water society*. On the 29th of January, 1829, the committee reported a preamble and constitution, from which the following is extracted:

"PREAMBLE.

"Viewing with feelings of deep regret the fatal consequences resulting from the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and believing that so far from contributing to health, happiness, or prosperity, the immoderate use of ardent spirits has a direct tendency to destroy health, debase the understanding, and corrupt the morals; and that it introduces vice and misery into families, and has a demoralizing influence on community at large.

"We, therefore, the subscribers, professing to be friends to morality and good order, and being willing to lend our influence to check the progress of an evil so fatal in its consequences, hereby form ourselves into a society by adopting and adhering to the following:

"CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. This society shall be called the "first society of Medina county, for the suppression of Intemperance.

ART. 2. The object of the compact shall be the suppression of Intemperance, by doing away the unnecessary use of ardent spirits.

ART. 3. The members of this society agree not to use ardent spirits themselves, unless necessary for the promotion of, or restoration of health, and also to discourage their use by others.

ART. 4. (Refers to appointment of officers.)

ART. 5. The members of the compact shall make use of the means in their power to prevent the intemperate use of ardent spirits; and shall use their endeavors to disseminate a knowledge of the direful and fatal effects of intemperance upon individuals, and upon society generally.

ART. 6. (Refers to time of holding meetings.)

ART. 7. Each meeting shall be opened and closed by prayer.

ART. 8. Any person of moral character may be a member of this society by signing and adhering to the foregoing articles.

ART. 9. This constitution may be altered by a vote of the society, notice being given to that effect at a previous meeting.

January 29, 1829."

John Codding, Esq., of Coddingville, is believed to have been the committee who drafted the constitution. Lawrence More was the first signer, then John Codding, then Burt Codding, then Charles Goodwin; these composed the first society.

But though temperance took this early root in Copley, it would seem that the old adage, "nearer the church the further from God," was applicable to this also, for Chancey and Wm. Davis, in 1820, erected a distillery, and run it constantly till May, 1852. So flattering was their success that three more were subsequently started, by which the best of Brandy, Rum, Gin and Wine without alcohol, for sickness and sacramental purposes, was manufactured from Akron Mills screenings. The degeneracy of the times, however, and failure to appreciate "spiritual things" by the people, has quenched their fires, and "we were," is inscribed on their foundations.

The first preacher in the town was Elder Newcomb, a Baptist clergyman, who first dispensed the word here in 1822; but Mr. Pettit, a congregational minister, formed the first church in 1832.

The surface of the township is strongly marked. There are three principal ridges running through the town from East to West, while the principal swamp is from North to South. The ridges are underlaid with sandstone, which often crop out, forming ledges. There are also places in which the conglomerate, or white quartz connected together by sand cement, forms the strong, predominating feature of the rock.

The township is also diversified with swamps. One in the East part of the township, called Perkins' swamp, contains several thousand acres. It was originally supposed to be worthless, as it was thought there was not sufficient fall to drain it, but it is found that by extensive ditching the water can be carried off.

and the ground made dry, and suitable for tillage. In this swamp have been found white grapes, of size and flavor equal to the best imported.

Another extensive swamp, some five miles in length, commences at Ellis' corners, in Bath, and passes in a South-eastwardly direction nearly through Copley. From a superficial view of it, I am led to believe it to have been once a lake. The most remarkable feature in this swamp now, is near its Southern termination on lot 14. About equal distances from the East and West sides of the swamp, which is almost impassable, is an island, nearly circular, containing two and one-half acres. This island rises about ten feet above the level of the swamp, and on the border or edge next to the swamp, has a ditch and embankment, which, in its ruins, shows it to have been once a strongly fortified position. Neither history nor tradition give any clue by which to unravel the mystery of when, by whom, for what was it erected? Conjecture is left in place of knowledge, and fancy alone can write its history. Its date probably reaches back to the era of the mounds and fortifications in the south part of the State, which mark the stands made by the original inhabitants against their northern invaders—the ancestors of our present Indians.

Some fifteen or twenty rods from "Fort Island," in a south-eastwardly direction is "Beach Island," containing one or two acres. A part of this island has been cleared, and now forms a part of the cultivated field of Delos Bosworth. On the south part of this island are slight traces of military works, but it appears to have been chiefly used for burying the dead after a most destructive battle. In the field of Mr. Bosworth, just south of his north fence, are the evidences, too plain to be mistaken, of the dead having been buried in large pits, which have now sunk in, forming *a kind of negative monument of the occupants having lived and died.*

This is fame! This is the object of all monuments. This the goal of ambition—to have posterity know that we once lived and died!

COVENTRY.

Coventry is bounded on the south by the 41st degree of north latitude, and is the eleventh township west of the western line of Pennsylvania. It is, consequently, Town one, Range eleven. It was an equalizing township—a part of it, in the south-east quarter, was attached to Hinckley in Medina county, and set to Samuel Hinckley, of Northampton, Massachusetts, to make his township equal to the average. General Wadsworth, and others, also got strips of equalizing land in this township.

The first settler was David Haines, who came from Pennsylvania in 1806, and located on lot four, a little south of where widow Charles Sumner now resides. A red house now occupies the site of his old cabin.

In 1811, Jesse Allen, Nathaniel Allen, and Amos Spicer came into the township from Groton, Connecticut. Jesse Allen bought out Haines, and Amos Spicer settled near where Mr. McNaughton lives, in the south part of what is now Middlebury.

The Portage Path, and Tuscarawas river, which were the western boundary of the United States, by the Treaty of Fort McIntosh, run through this township from north to south—"the Path" terminating on the river at the village of New Portage.

All the lands east of this boundary were acquired by the Treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1785—all west of it by the Treaty of Fort Industry, in 1805. The lands on the east side were run into lots, and parts of lots, bounded by the Path and River, and do not correspond with those on the west side, which were not purchased till twenty years later.

New Portage, in this township, at which point the Indians, having transported their canoes from the Cuyahoga Portage, launched them in the Tuscarawas, was a noted place among the Indians, still more so as a prominent point in the Treaties of Fort McIntosh and Fort Industry, and was looked upon, in the first settlement of the country by the whites, as a place of great promise. As early as 1819, William W. Laird built "flat boats"

at this place, loaded them with all kinds of produce, and consigned them to New Orleans without breaking bulk. They passed down the Tuscarawas into the Muskingum—then into the Ohio, and Mississippi, and after a some two months voyage reached their destination. This was then looked upon as one of the most promising commercial routes that Northern Ohio had—and New Portage as a Sea port. Such was the prospect of future greatness at this point, that Van R. Humphrey, since a distinguished Judge of this County, located here, as a lawyer, in 1821—and was subsequently elected captain of the militia of New Portage, in which last capacity he showed himself no less expert in wielding the weapons of Mars than those furnished by Coke and Blacksone.

In 1821–2, a Col. Palmer erecteb an establishment here for the manufacture of glass, which was in operation several years, but business, and consequent wealth, not flowing into the place as he anticipated, the Colonel failed, and in retaliation for the cold indifference of this world, he abandoned it—joined the Mormons, and died at the "far west."

Since the country has become cleared up, the Tuscarawas, which formerly so proudly bore the products of the country on its bosom to New Orleans, has so diminished at this point, that it scarcely affords water sufficient to feed the canal. Its commercial prospects perished with the construction of the Ohio canal—Coke and Littleton have departed—even its military is disbanded—and the exact site of its manufactory is unknown. William W. Laird, who represented the commercial interest, "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," in Canton. Judge Humphrey resides in Hudson, and Col. Palmer rests in the wilds of Utah.—"Sic transit gloria mundi."

There are many small lakes in this township, and considerable swampy land, and the soil has generally been considered thin and poor—but good cultivation has produced some of the best farms in the county. Bituminous coal has been found in this township, in large quantities, which is giving it an importance and prospective wealth equal to that of almost any township in the county.

This township is the dividing ridge between the Lake and the Ohio. Summit Lake, two miles south of Akron, through which the Ohio canal runs, feeds the canal north and south. From this small lake the waters pass into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Gulf of Mexico. Singular as it may seem, this Lake, surrounded by an almost impenetrable tamarack swamp 503 feet above Lake Erie, and 879 feet above the Atlantic, has no inlet, but a constant outlet both north and south. Being on the highest land in this part of the country, the question suggests itself to every one—"where does this body of water come from?" No line has yet been found that could sound it.

The base line, or the line of 41 degrees north, was run by Seth Pease in 1797. Where that line strikes the Tuscarawas, below New Portage, his survey closed, as that was the western boundary of the United States. On a tree, still standing, his entry is plain to be seen—"56 M"—meaning 56 miles west of the Pennsylvania line. Abram Tappan run the line in 1806—7, and he and Pease differed several rods in many places.

The first couple married in the township was John Collins and Mary Chapman, and the first death was that of Samuel Munroe. He came from the State of New York, and died in Coventry in 1806. Many of his descendants lived in this town till quite recently—but all are now gone.

Boat building at New Portage becoming a matter of considerable importance, Milo Hudson, a son of Dea. David Hudson, in 1814, laid out a city at the head of navigation on the Tuscarawas; and the first settler in this new commercial emporium, was Michael Dixon, who still resides there, in a fresh and vigorous old age, the connecting link between the past and present age.

This town was formerly noted as the residence of Joe Keeler, celebrated as a Mormon preacher, and dealer in bogus money.—He built and resided in a brick house just north of the canal bridge in New Portage.

In the speculating mania of 1836—7, Dorsey W. Viers laid out a town adjoining New Portage, forming an important addition to it. He sold a lot to Jacob Brown, Esq., of Akron, and in honor of the man, and to commemorate the circumstance, he

called it Brownsville. It now contains one building, used for the manufacture of matches.

From an early period Coventry has been called the "State of Coventry"; but few, at this day, know the origin of that title.—It should have been called "The Kingdom of Coventry," as it took its title from being the residence of a King, and the seat of a mighty monarchy.

Hopocan, (or Capt. Pipe as he was usually called by the whites,) used to reside at New Portage, and swayed his sceptre, as King, over the mighty and powerful Delawares. He was a great warrior, and the implacable enemy of civilization. He was one of the Chiefs in the battle at St. Clair's defeat, and afterwards boasted that he tomahawked white men that day till his arm ached.

But this Capt. Pipe is better known in history, for his connection with the defeat of Col. Crawford, at Upper Sandusky, in June, 1782.

In March, 1782, Col. David Williamson, one of the Indian hunters, assembled 80 or 90 men on the frontier of Pennsylvania, and started on an expedition to murder and plunder the Moravian Indians at Gnadenhutten, on the Tuscarawas. These Indians had been converted to christianity by the Moravians, whose religious principles forbid them to fight. The dastardly cowards, under Williamson, found them, as they had reason to expect, an easy conquest. Their first exploit was to kill a young half-breed Indian, by the name of Schebosh, in the most brutal manner.—They first fired upon him and broke his arm, when he fell on his knees and begged hard for his life, saying he was the son of a white christian; but while thus pleading for his life he was chopped to pieces by them, scalped and tomahawked. They then took the remainder of the inhabitants and confined them in a couple of old log houses, and Williamson then put the question to a vote of his soldiers whether the prisoners should be put to death. To this base and inhuman proposition all but 16 said yes. During the short time occupied by this vote, the Indians, foreseeing their fate, were employed in singing, praying, and exhorting each other. They were notified of the result of the vote by the commencement of the horrid butchery, and in a few

minutes those slaughter-houses, as these butchers called them, exhibited, in the interior, the bloody remains of men, women, and children; from the grey-haired Patriarch to the prattling infant sporting on the mother's breast. Thirty-four out of the ninety-six murdered, were children.

These Moravians were Delawares, and that tribe were naturally aroused for revenge. Capt. Pipe summoned his warriors—the tomahawk was dug up, and the war whoop given.

So successful had Williamson been, that another expedition was got up in May, of the same year, for the command of which Williamson and Col. William Crawford were rival candidates.—Crawford was elected. They rendezvoused at the old Mingo town, on the Ohio river, and started on the trail. Williamson followed on the route of the first expedition. Before starting, every man pledged himself not to spare an Indian of any age or sex, but to destroy all that fell in their power.

They first went to the Moravian towns to see if any had returned; but all was silent save the cawing of the vulture as he hovered over the mouldering bodies of the murdered Moravians.

Disappointed in their hopes of murder and plunder at these places, they turned towards the Delaware towns on the Sandusky plains, where the Moravian Indians had assembled after the destruction of their towns on the Tuscarawas.

Nothing material occurred, as the Indians had all fled, until the 7th of June, when the advance guard, about three miles north of where Upper Sandusky now is, was attacked and driven in by the Indians, who, in great numbers, were concealed in the high grass. The fight continued till dark. The Indians were continually receiving reinforcements, and on the next day Crawford made arrangements to retreat. The flight commenced, and soon became a perfect rout. All order or discipline was lost, and a general slaughter followed. So inveterate was the Indian hostility, and so determined were they on revenge, that they pursued the retreating fugitives almost to the Ohio river. One of them was killed two miles east of St. Clairsville. Two days after the battle, Crawford was taken prisoner by Capt. Pipe, who commanded the Indians in the engagement, and on the 11th of

June 1782, he was burnt at the stake at a Delaware town on the Tyemotchee creek, a few miles west of the present location of Upper Sandusky. Pipe painted him black, with his own hands, preparatory to burning. After he was stripped and bound to the stake, Crawford asked to see Wingenund, another noted Delaware chief, with whom he had formerly been on the most friendly terms.

A long conversation ensued between them, when Crawford asked, "can you devise no method of getting me off? You shall be well rewarded if you will save my life." Wingenund replied: "Had Williamson been taken with you, I and some of my friends, might have succeeded in saving you, but as the matter now stands, no man dare interpose in your behalf. The King of England himself, were he to come on to this spot with all his wealth, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of whom were women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls loudly for revenge—the relatives of the slain, that are among us, cry out for revenge—the Nation to which they belonged will have revenge—all those nations connected with us cry out *revenge, revenge!* The Moravians, whom you came to destroy, having fled instead of avenging their brethren, the offence becomes national, and the nation itself is bound to take revenge." "My fate, then," said Crawford, "is fixed, and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form."

"I am sorry for it," said Wingenund, "but cannot do anything for you. Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Crawford, they are coming."

Captain Pipe then led on his tormentors, and for three hours Crawford was literally roasting alive. At last, exhausted, he sunk on the ground, when an old squaw scalped him, and then threw a quantity of burning coals and ashes on his naked skull, which ended his torments and closed the drama.

Pipe was also in the battle of the Rapids of the Maumee on the 20th of August, 1794, when Wayne broke down the Indian spirit, and he then returned to his tribe in Coventry, where he professed great friendship for the Americans until the breaking out of the war of 1812, when he with his band, left the country and joined the British.

At the treaty at the foot of Maumee Rapids in Sep., 1817, there was granted to the Delaware Indians, a reservation of three miles square in the northern part of Marion county. Capt. Pipe was one of the grantees named in the reservation.

The principal chief of the tribe was Buckongehelas, who signed the treaty with General Wayne at Fort Greenville, in 1795; but at the treaty at the same place, in July, 1814, the tribe was represented by Capt. Pipe, King of New Portage.

By the treaty of Lower Sandusky, in August, 1829, the Delawares sold their reservation in Marion county to the United States, and moved west of the Mississippi, where Capt. Pipe has since died. With him perished the once powerful Delawares of the Tuscarawas. At the first settlement of America, they inhabited the country around where Philadelphia now stands, and were as numerous perhaps as any tribe on the Continent. They were then friendly to the whites and welcomed William Penn and his followers with true hospitality, for whom, amid all the injuries they received from the whites, they ever retained a kind recollection. Whenever they speak of a good man, they say, "wa she a E le ne"—that is, he is a Quaker.

Thus passed away the once powerful nation of Delawares and arose on its ruins, "The State of Coventry."

CUYAHOGA FALLS.

This township is an exception to all others on the Reserve, in having neither Range, nor Number, and contains but four and one-eighth square miles. Instead of being five miles square, as are all the other Townships, this is only one and a fourth miles square, being the whole of Tract one, and forty rods wide on the North side of Tract five, originally in Tallmadge, and one eighth of a mile square from lots one, two, eleven, and twelve, in Stow; half a mile east and west, and one mile north and south, from lots eight and nine in Northampton, and one and a half miles east and west from the west part of Tract two in Portage. The Township is composed of the corners of four Townships, and was organized into a Township in April, 1851, for the purpose of accommodating the large and increasing business of the village of Cuyahoga Falls. Being thus taken from the corners of four Townships. it possesses no distinct range, nor number of its own, but lies in ranges ten and eleven, and townships two and three.

As its name imports, it is on the falls of the Cuyahoga river, which here commence and continue for over two miles.—In this distance are three perpendicular falls—the upper one, near the village, is about twelve feet; the second, sixteen feet; the lower, or "Big Falls," twenty-two feet. Besides these there are continuous rapids the whole distance, forming some of the best water-power in the world. The river has cut a channel through the rocks from eighty to one hundred feet in depth, through which it rushes, among the fragments of rocks that have fallen from above, forming the most sublime scenery in Northern Ohio. The railroad runs on the very verge of this precipice, offering to a traveler a view of the wilderness of Nature in her wildest freaks, combined with the greatest improvements of modern art.

The extent of this water-power may be estimated by the busi-

ness now carried on, which occupies but a small part of it.—There are three paper mills in operation, and another in process of erection. These consume 675 tons of the raw material, making 525 tons of paper annually; in them are employed 80 persons. These will consume $9,000 worth of chemicals and colors, annually.. There are two oil mills, consuming 16,000 bushels of seed annually, making 30,000 gallons of oil. One forge for manufacturing car axles, consuming from six to seven hundred tons of pig metal, and making about five hundred and fifty tons of axles annually. This establishment employs from 20 to 25 men. There are three foundaries and machine shops. One of them, carried on by Bills & Chamberlain, consumes from 300 to 400 tons of stock, manufacturing about $75,000 worth of machinery annually, and affording constant employment to about 30 men. Their manufactures have acquired so deserved a celebrity, that orders have been frequently filled from distant parts of the Union. A steam engine was ordered from here, by Gen. Taylor, while President, for his sugar plantation in Louisiana.—As to the other foundries I have no data.

There is a steel fork manufactory, which turns out on an average 100,000 forks annually, consuming 20 tons of cast steel, and employing from 15 to 20 hands; and one shovel factory which manufactures six dozen shovels daily, and gives employment to from eight to ten persons. There is also one flouring mill, one tool factory, two tanneries, one ashery, two flax mills, two wagon shops, seven dry goods stores, four groceries, one tavern, and three churches. But, as if Providence did not intend that one place should have all prosperity, without a draw-back, there is also a bank and a distillery—the former owning the latter, which is *capital* stock paid in. This distillery consumes about 75,000 bushels of grain annually, making 30,000 gallons of high-wines; furnishing food for 3,000 hogs, and *drink* for ten times that number.

The upper dam, called Wetmore's, has twelve feet fall; on which is a paper mill, forge, car-axle factory, and an oil mill.

The next is Newberry's dam, on which is an old paper mill, saw-mill, tool factory, engine factory, and grist-mill. This has a fall of eighteen feet.

The next dam is eighteen feet, and also owned by Mr. Newberry. On this is a paper mill, and an old grist-mill, which is now being converted into a paper mill.

The next, belonging to Cyrus Prentiss, has a fall of twenty feet. On it is an oil mill, and a machine for cleaning flax; and other materials for paper.

The next is the dam erected by the "Portage Canal, and Manufacturing Company," better known as the "Chuckery Company." This was built, and a canal constructed for the purpose of conveying the Cuyahoga to Akron, and creating an immense water-power.

The dam and canal were constructed, but the finances of the company were most miserably squandered; the bubble burst, and the Chuckery Company became a matter of history. This water-power has been sold, by a decree of Court, and will soon be put to practical uses. Its value in future can scarcely be estimated. The dam is from 16 to 20 feet, affording at that point an immense power, a small part of which only is occupied by a shovel, spade and fork manufactory.

This town, (village,) was originally laid out by Elkanah Richardson, (more commonly known as Judge Richardson,) in 1825. It was subsequenty re-surveyed, and plotted by Birdseye Booth and recorded. That part of it lying in Stow township belonged to Joshua Stow and William Wetmore, of Middletown, Connecticut. That portion lying in Tallmadge belonged to Roger Newberry, of Windsor, Ct. He was not only one of the Connecticut Land Company, but one of its directors, and for many years a member of "The Governor's Council," in Connecticut. He was a descendant of the "Messrs. Newberrys," who settled in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1640. He died in 1813. His Ohio land he gave to his son, Henry Newberry, Esq., who now resides at the Falls. Henry Newberry was born in Windsor, Connecticut, in January, 1783. In 1814, soon after the death of his father, he came to Ohio to look at his land, and was so well pleased with it that he resolved to abandon the luxuries of the east, and make his home in the western wilds. In 1824 he removed his family to Ohio, and settled on what is known as "the Thorndike farm,"

near Stow Lake. Here he remained for two years, until a clearing could be made, and a "beginning begun" at the Falls, when he removed there, having seen a flourishing village, partly of his own planting, spring, almost full grown, out of an unbroken forest.

William Wetmore, the other proprietor, was born at Middletown, Connecticut, Sept. 15, 1771. He was a descendant of Thomas Wetmore, one of the proprietors of Middletown, who purchased that town of the Indians, in 1662. He removed to Ohio in July, 1804, and built the second house that was erected in Stow township, which stood about 20 rods eastwardly of the N. W. corner of lot 36, on which Gen. Gross' tavern stands. In 1808 Stow township was organized, and he was elected the first Justice of the Peace. In August of that year, the county of Portage being organized, he was appointed clerk of the Court at Ravenna—but finding it inconvenient and not much profit to be clerk of the Court in a new county, where there was little business, he resigned the office, moved back to Stow and settled on the farm east of Stow Pond.

The Records show a singular mode of doing business in those days. They do not show the appointment of any one as Clerk, nor are they signed; but they are in the handwriting of Mr. Wetmore, who was also one of the Judges of the Court. He died at his residence on the East bank of Stow Lake, on the 27th of October, 1827.

The first manufacturing improvement made at Cuyahoga Falls was by Henry Wetmore and his brother, William Wetmore, Jr., on the 1st day of April, 1825, in the commencement of a dam, (called Wetmore's dam); but the first dwelling-house was erected by Judge Elkanah Richardson, during the year 1822. It is the red house, standing on the north side of the street, a little north of the "Big Spring."

In 1826, Henry Newberry built an oil mill, and residence, and in 1827–8 surveyed and laid out that part of the village lying in Tallmadge. The same year, Joshua Stow, William Wetmore, William Wetmore, jr. and Henry Wetmore, erected an oil mill and flouring mill, at the upper dam, and several dwelling-houses,

the first of which is the one now occupied and known as the American, or Cook's tavern. In 1830, the same Company erected the first paper mill, known as Stowe & Wetmore's.

The first white child born in the township, was Edward Wetmore, son of William Wetmore jr., who was born in 1827.

The first person that died in the township was also a son of William Wetmore, jr. He died in the fall of 1826, aged about one year; but the first adult person that died was Mrs. Sill, wife of E. N. Sill, Esq., and daughter of Henry Newberry, Esq. She died in ——, 1827. On the organization of this township, in April, 1851, Henry Newberry, Horace A. Miller, and P. G. Somers, were elected Trustees; Grant B. Turner, Clerk; Charles W. Wetmore and Josiah Wetmore, Justices.

A branch of the Indian trail from Fort McIntosh, on the Ohio to Sandusky, passes through this township. On arriving near Fish Creek, in Franklin, Portage county, it branched; one branch of the trail passing north through the Indian towns in Northamption and Bath; the other turning south to "the Great Falls," called by the Indians "Coppacaw." This was a celebrated trail for the Indians in their war excursions, as with the "Rangers," in their pursuit of them. It was on these two trails that Brady's men were divided, at the time of his defeat near the towns on the Cuyahoga, and on which a part made their retreat. Several years ago, a rifle barrel was found in the Big Spring, in this village; a remnant probably of that hasty flight.

The trail passes nearly in front of Mr. Newberry's house; and near where the canal bridge now is, was a *plateau*, of some twenty-five feet square, raised about a foot, where probably had been a Council-house. In his garden, as well as on the rise of ground north of the Big Spring, are remains of Indian wigwams. But poor "Logan, the friend of the white man," with his Braves, who so often traversed these grounds, has gone to the Spirit Land, where it is to be hoped his fidelity will receive a better reward than it did on Earth—if not, justice is unknown in Earth or Heaven.

On the north bank of the Cuyahoga, below the village, is a remarkable cavern. I discovered it in 1826, when the country

around there was a wilderness. It is on the very brink of the chasm cut by the river, and the small opening, but just large enough to admit a person's body, was on a level with the ground. A few leaves or a rotten log will easily conceal it. In company with Charles B. Thompson, Orville B. Skinner and Jabez Gilbert, formerly mail contractor from Pittsburgh to Cleveland, I entered it, and found it about ten feet in height, and divided into two rooms with a small passage between, barely sufficient for a person to pass. There was no opening except at the place where I entered, from which I was let down by my companions. It being totally dark in the cavern, I could make but few examinations, and, fearing some chasm in the bottom, I did not let my curiosity tempt me far in my explorations. Mr. Gilbert and myself are alone survivors of that company.

From the length of time intervening, and change of appearances from clearing up the country, I cannot now find it,—but some future explorer will bring it again to light.

FRANKLIN.

The portion of this township lying east of the Tuscarawas, was surveyed by Ebenezer Buckingham, in February, 1800. The Tuscarawas was then the boundary between the United States and the Indians—which was the reason why the balance of the township was not surveyed at the same time. It will be recollected that the Indian title east of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas, was extinguished by the treaty of Fort McIntosh, in 1785. Their title to the territory west of those rivers was not extinguished till the treaty of Fort Industry, in 1805. It is a singular feature in these treaties, that the Indians, in the first treaty, ceded the territory east of those rivers, and in the last treaty, all west of those rivers, but have never ceded the rivers, the fee of which is still in the Indians.

This township is called Town 2, Range 10—as Lawrence township, in Stark county, lying immediately south of it, is called Town 1, Range 10. In forming ranges, the United States began, as did the Connecticut Land Company, at the east line of the State, on the base of the Western Reserve, or latitude 40 deg. North—and every six miles west was a range, numbering from east to west. The townships on the east side, or first ranges, counted from the Ohio river north, to the base of the Reserve.

Thus the north township, in the first range, in Stark county, on the base line of the Reserve is Lexington, or Township 19, Range 6, lying nineteen townships, of six miles each, or 114 miles north of the Ohio river, and six townships, of six miles each, or 36 miles west of the State line. The townships thus continued to be numbered until they reach the "Ohio Land Company's" purchase, when they count from the north line of that purchase. This regularity continues until we reach Range 10, when we find the north township, (Franklin,) numbered 2, thus making two townships of that number, as well as of number 1,

of that range. The cause of that was, that when the survey was made, and the townships and ranges numbered, in 1800, there was but a fraction of this township, lying east of the Tuscarawas, that belonged to the United States—all west of the river belonging to the Indians.

In running the west line of Range 10, they struck the Tuscarawas in Lawrence township, next south of Franklin, and there not being enough for a township in either, they were called "Fractions 1 and 2, in Range 10." In 1807, after the Indian title was extinguished, the territory west of the river was surveyed by Joseph H. Larwell, and enough added to that on the east side of the river to make full towns of six miles each—but the numbers have never been changed; so that what originally stood for the *number of fractions*, now stand for the number of these townships.

So advantageous was the situation of this township, on the waters of the Tuscarawas and Chippeway rivers, (then called Indian Creek,) that within one year after the Indian title was extinguished, a wealthy Quaker, by the name of Richard Carter, living in Wheeling, purchased the land, and employed John Harris, Esq., now of Canton, and David L. McClure, who died in 1820, near Pittsburgh, to lay out a town at the junction of these rivers, about three-fourths of a mile below the present town of Clinton. This was done in September, 1806, and the town was christened Cartersville, but it hardly survived the christening, as it was overflowed by every freshet.

Of the actors of that early day, John Harris, Esq., who laid out Cartersville. and Joseph H. Larwell, Esq., who surveyed the land west of the river, alone remain. Mr. Harris is the oldest resident indeed, of Stark county, except Esq. Downing, of Sandy, near Waynesburgh; Downing having came into that county, (then a part of Columbiana,) in the fall of 1805, and Harris in 1806. Mr. Harris has subsequently acted a conspicuous part in the County and State, having held the offices of assessor, judge and representative, with various other posts of honor. He has a vein of humor that makes him an agreeable companion, and a nice sense of honor that makes him a valuable friend and exemplary citizen.

In September, 1815, Mahlon and Aaron Stewart laid out a village in this town, on the north-west quarter of section 26, and called it Manchester. It is a stirring town, on the main road from Akron to Fulton and Massillon; and from the eastern part of the State to the canal, and western country. It is three miles east of the canal.

In March, 1816, a man by the name of David Harvey, laid out a village, on the south side of Chippeway river, about half a mile above Cartersville, and near a mile westerly from Clinton. It being a beautiful location, lots sold rapidly, and a very pretty village soon sprung into existence. Sickness, caused by swamps in its vicinity, however, soon compelled the inhabitants to abandon it—and when I visited it in 1827, stores, houses, shops and private dwellings, were entirely deserted, and I had to go over half a mile to learn its name, or the cause of its desertion. It is now razed to the ground, and the plow-share annually passes over it, so that not even a foundration marks the former existence of Savannah.

Clinton, now one of the most flourishing villages in the county, was laid out by William Harvey, on the north-east corner of section 31, and an addition to it by William Christmas and James W. Lathrop, on the east half of the south-east fractional section 30, and the south part of section 29, in February, 1816. It then appeared like a hopeless swamp—and even so little of promise was there, that the whole village was sold for taxes as late as 1837. Soon after, however, business took a new start and Clinton, Orradeen and Pumroy, forming one village, sprung into existence, and have been since rapidly increasing in business and importance.

Orradeen was laid out in April, 1835, by Gorham Chapin, on fractional section 29, north of Pumroy, and adjoining it—both of which lay east of, and adjoining Clinton.

Pumroy was laid out in June, 1837, by William and Francis Pumroy, on section 32. The three now form but one village, and these sectional names are giving way to the general name of Clinton.

Situated in one of the first wheat-growing sections of the

State, and surrounded by the very best bitumimous coal—with the canal, Tuscarawas river, and the Cleveland, Zanesville and Cincinnati Railroad running through it, Clinton is destined to become one of the important towns of the West.

In 1838, Michael Becker, from the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, settled in Clinton. At that time there were but three coal-beds open, and the sales did not justify the employment of more than two or three hands in mining. A miner by profession, Becker soon discovered and opened other beds, and by his energy and perseverance, gave impetus to the business until the exports of coal now exceed 60,000 tons annually.

Gorham Chapin who laid out Orradeen, was from Mass., and the son of Dr. Chapin, of Buffalo, an officer of the war of 1812, who, having been taken prisoner, and on his way to Montreal with his fellow-prisoners, headed an insurrection of the prisoners, took the transport in which they were conveyed, and their guard, and brought them to the United States. Gorham died in 1841. He owned a saw-mill near the present guard-lock, in Clinton, and long after his death, the superstitious believed they could hear his *spook* filing the mill-saw, amid the fitful gusts of midnight, when ghosts most love to walk abroad.

Mr. Harvey left there and died in Jefferson county. Mahlon Stewart, who laid out Manchester, resides in Harrison county. Christmas and Lathrop, who laid out the addition to Clinton, have been dead several years, and William Pumroy died the past year—being at the time of his death, superintendent of the Ohio canal.

The first settler in the township was Christopher Johnson, commonly ealled Yankee Johnson. He came into the township in the spring of 1814, and settled on the farm now occupied by Henry Sours, in the east part of the township. He subsequently sold out, and removed his family to Steubenville, where he left them and *absquandered.*

Thomas Johnson, from Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, and William Hallowell, of Steubenville, came in next. They arrived on the 20th of April, 1814. Thomas Johnson settled on section 27, from which he subsequently removed into Norton,

where he settled at what is known as "Johnson's corners," where he died in 1836. He was a native of the county of Tyrone, in Ireland, and came to America in 1797.

Hallowell settled on the north-west quarter of section 28, near where Clinton now is, where he remained till 1833, when he sold out and removed to Richfield, where he yet resides in a vigorous old age.

In 1814, John Johnson, a son of Yankee Johnson, was born—being the first white child born in the township.

The first couple married in the township were John Hick and Catherine Flickener, in 1815. They were transient persons, and have gone to parts unknown. The second couple was Jacob Sour to Mary Harter, in 1816. They are both living, having removed to Seneca county from Franklin township last spring.

In 1817, the population becoming sufficiently numerous to require it, a school was commenced at Manchester by Joseph Mishler, being the first school taught in the township. He was from Lancaster, Pa., and now resides in Springfield. He taught in a log house, built for a *church*, standing where the "steeple house" now does, west of the main corners, where all the "young ideas" in the township were collected. They numbered about fifteen.

The first death in the township was the wife of Jacob Balmer. She died in the summer of 1815, from the bite of a rattle snake. They lived on the farm now occupied by Adam Marsh.

In 1816–17, George Rex erected a mill at the outlet of Turkey-foot Lake, a part of which is in Green and a part of it in this township. This Lake now being converted, by the State, into a reservoir for feeding the canal, the mill site is ruined.

This township was organized in April, 1817. The first trustees were Jacob Hollinger, who yet resides in the township, Michael Bradenburgh, who died in 1835, and Mahlon Stewart, who now resides in Harrison county. Jacob Balmer and David Harvey were elected the first Justices of the Peace. Balmer is living in Jackson township, and Harvey died in Jefferson county, several years ago. Balmer kept the first store in the township, and John Snider, a German, the first tavern. They were at Manchester.

The first physician in the township was Levi Brooks, who now resides at Oberlin—though Dr. John Bonfield, of Canton, was the popular doctor, until about the year 1821, when, in consequence of a rumor that the small pox was raging through the country, he was employed to vaccinate all in the township who were liable to take it. The Doctor had been unfortunate in obtaining his vaccine matter from a *Scotchman*, and instead of the kind-pox, he gave them all the itch. This circumstance, though unintentional and wholly unavoidable on the part of the Doctor, gave his popularity a dreadful *scratching*.

Summit county was erected in 1840, taking all but two townships from the Reserve; Franklin and Green were taken from Stark. There was great opposition to it from Stark county generally, and from the inhabitants of these towns in particular. The idea of leaving what they familiarly called "Old Molly Stark," and being attached to "Cheesedom," was terrific; and an old lady remarked that she did not care so much about it on any other account, as on account of sickness; she had heard it was very sickly up North, and she did not like to be set off to it, but wanted to remain in Stark county where it was healthy.

Since the erection of this county, this township has had the honor of furnishing for it two Judges—Hon. Hugh R. Caldwell, of Clinton, who was Judge from 1840 to 1847, and Hon. John Hoy, of Manchester, who was elected in 1847, and served unti the office of Associate Judge was abolished by the new Constitution. They are both self-made men; both from near Gettysburgh, Adams county, Pa. Judge Caldwell was born in 1797, and Judge Hoy in 1799.

Judge Caldwell worked on a farm, in a tavern, and a tan-yard until he was of age—when by his own exertions and energy he acquired an education that hard labor had previously prevented. In 1824, he was engaged as private tutor in the family of Thomas Thornton, of Thornton Hill, Culpepper county, Va. Col. Thornton married a daughter of Augustine Washington, the only niece of General George Washington. He remained in this family, as a tutor for about two years, when, by the offer of a high salary, he was induced to abandon it, and take charge of a

College in Huntsville, Alabama. Here he found that his expense overrun his salary.

He received a salary of $2,000 a year, and for board, servants, and keeping of a horse, he was charged $27 a week. He soon after left, and came to Ohio in 1826, located in Canton, where he remained till 1829, when he removed to Franklin, where he has since resided, devoting himself to his profession. He is eminent as a physician—a fine scholar—a ready debater, and an honest man. Frank in all things, he speaks what he thinks, and thinks what he pleases.

Judge Hoy, like Judge Caldwell, was brought up on a farm until he was 18 years of age, when he was apprenticed to the trade of a stone mason. At the age of 21 he married, and "*traveled* to Ohio," being so poor that he had nothing to move. He stopped over winter in Lawrence township, Stark county—the next season removed to Tuscarawas township, near where Massillon now is—and in the spring of 1824, removed to Manchester, where he yet resides. Here he commenced tavern keeping, which he continued for near 20 years, when, from conscientious motives, he abandoned the business of making or selling liquor; as he felt it was wrong to distil grain for men when he knew their families were suffering at home, for the want of it for bread.

He was one of the first Commissioners of the county, several years a Justice, and by his energy and prudence he has accumulated a large fortune. For the last five or six years, he has kept a strictly temperance house, forming an enviable home for the weary traveler, who wants rest and quiet.

The Tuscarawas, (or Tuscarora,) river, which runs through this township, is the head water of the Muskingum. Rising on the summit that divides the water of Lake Erie from those that flow into the Ohio, it so nearly interlocks with the head waters of the Cuyahoga, that they are connected by an artificial channel, and a portion of the waters of the Tuscaraws flow through the Ohio canal into Lake Erie and through the Gulf of St. Lawrence into the ocean; while another portion, following its natural channel through the Muskingum, Ohio, and Mississippi, enters the Ocean through the Gulf of Mexico.

The river derives its name from an Indian tribe formerly inhabiting the banks of the Neuces, in North Carolina, but who came to the North in 1712 and joined the Iroquois, forming the sixth Nation.

The river must ever be associated with the most melancholy reflections. On its banks were once the peaceful and favorite abode of the native Indians. A more beautiful stream does not exist, and the red man was the happiest of his kind.

In 1772 the Moravians, or United Brethren, as they call themselves, established missionaries among them, and the Indians became Christians. Three of these missionary stations existed on the banks of this river. Shoenbrun, (afterwards called Goshen,) near New Philadelphia; seven miles south of that was Gnadenhutten, and five miles south of that was Salem. Here the Indians, with the fullest confidence in the friendship of their white Christian brethren, dwelt in peace and security until March 1782, when they were induced, under professions of friendship, to surrender up their arms to a band of assassins from Western Virginia and Pennsylvania under Col. David Williamson, who then seized and pinioned them, and after confining them over night in two houses, rightly denominated "The Slaughter Houses," led them out in the morning by couples, knocked them down and butchered them! In this bloody massacre, 40 men, 32 women, and 34 children were killed, whose bodies were piled up in the slaughter houses and they set on fire. The remnant of these Christian Indians, who by absence escaped the massacre, were subsequently collected together, and a tract of land donated to them by Congress, embracing their former towns. They returned to witness the bleaching bones of their families, and again began the work of civilization. But the avarice of the whites compelled them to sell out their lands, and leave the country. In August, 1823, a treaty was held at Gnadenhutten, between Gen Cass, on the part of the United States, and the agents and chiefs of the Indians, by which the United States agreed to give them 24,000 acres in some of their territories and an annuity of $100.

This annuity was so clogged with provisos as to render it

valueless, and the poor christian Indian, ruined by his faith in the white man and in the United States justice, left the country, and joined the Moravian Indians in Canada. In 1824, Congress passed an Act to survey out the lands so acquired on the Tuscarawas, and they were sold. A German farmer cultivates the ancient site of Shoenbrun—a Company is taking coal out of the hill that overlooked their village—and nothing now remains of the Indians of the Tuscarawas but a small slab, covering a grave, on which is inscribed—

"DAVID ZEISBERGER,

who was born 11th April, 1721, in Moravia, and departed this life 7th November, 1808, aged 87 years, 7 months and 6 days. This faithful servant of the Lord labored among the Indians, as a Missionary, during the last sixty years of his life."

GREEN.

This Township is Town 12, Range 9, in what is known on the "Reserve," as "Congress land"—i. e., it lies south of latitude 41 deg.—of course, is not embraced in the Connecticut Reserve. Franklin and Green, in this county, being taken from Congress land and attached to the Reserve, have broken down the partition wall that had so long divided the extreme north from the more southern portions of the State. This was the first instance in which the southern line of the Reserve had been broken in the erection of a county. Before that time it was thought, (as expressed by Hon. Mr. Hostetter, Senator from Stark, when the erection of Summit was under consideration,) that "you might as well attempt to make a Dutch horse, and a Yankee broad-horn work together, as the inhabitants on the opposite sides of that line to amalgamate." Experience, however, has shown that such fears were groundless, and such divisions wholly imaginary.

This Township is six miles square—Congress dividing their lands into Townships of that size, while the Connecticut Co. divided theirs into Towhships of five miles.

The first settler in the township was John Kepler, who came from Center county, Pa., and settled on Section 17, in the fall of 1809. His widow is now living with her son, John Kepler, in Coventry. His brother, Andrew, came on in the spring of 1810, and now lives on the section on which his brother John first located.

Jacob Coleman, Jacob Smith, and Col. Dilman next came into the township. They were all from Center county, Pa. John Kepler was accidentally killed a few years after he came into the township—Coleman and Smith died about 15 years ago, and Dilman 20.

The first organization of the township was in 1811, two years after the organization of Stark, of which it was then a part. It

then embraced Green, Lake, and all of Franklin lying east of the Tuscarawas, and Jackson townships. The first election was held at the house of Nathan Dehaven, 1½ miles N. W. of Green town, on the 6th of July, 1811. Abraham Dehaven, Jacob Harsh and Joseph Triplet were judges of the election. Jonathan Potts and William Triplet, (now of Coventry,) clerks. Peter Dickerhoof, of what is now Lake tp.; Christian Bolmer, of what is now Jackson tp.; and John Yarrick, of what is now Green, were elected first trustees. Samuel Spittler, who resides in what is now Lake tp., was elected clerk; George Knoddle; Treasurer, Wm. Ball, who is now living in Canton, Assessor; and Simeon Harsh and John Kepler, constables. Wm. Triplet and Wm. Ball are believed to be the only survivors of the officers that day elected.

At the fall election, Oct. 3, 1811, there were sixteen votes in the territory now comprising Green, Lake, Jackson, and all of Franklin east of the Tuscarawas. At the Presidential election, Oct. 20, 1812, there were *nine* votes.

Peter Dickerhoof, was the first Justice of the Peace. His commission bore date Aug. 21, 1811.

The commission of John Wise, who was the next Justice of the Peace, bore date June 16, 1814. He resided in what is now Lake township, and died in Green town, January, 1853.

Green, as it now is, was organized April 7, 1815. At that election there were 17 votes polled. George McCormic, Wm. Ball and Joshua Richards, were elected Trustees; Robert Lawson, Town Clerk; Daniel Wise, Treasurer; David Hartman and Thomas Parker, Constables. Richards now lives in Suffield, Portage county; Ball, in Canton; Lawson and Wise are dead; and Parker and Hartman are gone to parts unknown.

The first *recorded* marriage in the township was Abraham Bair to Elizabeth Harter, who were married by Abraham Dehaven, on the 31st of March, 1812, though tradition shows that previous to that time, Jacob Smith, jr. was married to Miss Dixon; but of which no record was ever made.*

* Tradition says the marriage ceremony of this first couple was, 'you bromis' to take te voman you holt py te hant to pe your

Blair died soon after the marriage, and his widow subsequently married Jehu Grubb, and now resides in Plain township, Stark county. Smith is living with his second wife in Richland county.

Greensburgh, at which the business of the township is transacted, was laid out by Abraham Wilhelm in the S. W. part of the N. E quarter of sect on 27. It was surveyed out by David Baer, August 27, 1828, and is now a thriving village of considerable wealth and enterprise. It lies considerably south, and a little east of the center of the township.

East Liberty is also a thriving village in this township, laid out by John Casteter, Esq., Feb. 15, 1839, on the N. E quarter of seection 8—S. E. quarter of section 8, and S. W. quarter of section 9. The first settlement in the township was made by John Kepler about one mile S. of this village. On section7 and 18 in this township, and sections 12 and 13 in Franklin, is Turkey-Foot Lake, about a mile in length from east to west, and varying in its wi lth. At the narrowest point, directly on the line, it is but little over a quarter of a mile in width, but at both ends is from a half, to three-fourths of a mile in width. It is usually called Rex Pond, as George A Rex erected the first mill in the township, at its outlet, in 1816–17.

The State have since taken possession of it for a Reservoir, and by raising the water, and retaining it for canal purposes, have ruined the mill-site.

As an agricultural township, Green stands with Springfield and Franklin among the best. Summit county seems naturally to be divided into three parts, which. when united, form a complete whole. The north part is a grazing country—the south a grain growing country—the center, lying on the ridge dividing the waters of the Lake from those of the Ohio river, forming an excellent water power by the waters of the Cuyahoga, Tuscarawas and smaller streams.

The original population of this township was mostly of German descent, and the cast and tone of morals, and society still

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vife, and tat you vill shtick to her through hell-fire and dunder, den I bronounce you man and voman, by Cot!"

retain a decidedly German character. Honest, frugal, industrious and wealthy, are characteristics of the inhabitants. Superstitious notions about "*spooks*," were formerly somewhat common, but education, which is advancing rapidly among the inhabitants, is dispelling those notions of a former age, and creating an enlightened and intelligent race. With the bone and muscle of the German, united with the refinement of Anglo-Saxon, a population is coming up that will rank with the best "bone, muscle, and mind of the county."

In the early settlement of the township the low grounds were noted for the appearance of the "ignis fatuus," or Will-with-a-wisp. By the superstitious they were supposed to be the spirits of the Indians, or "*spooks*," who had come back to visit their hunting grounds. Previous to the war of 1812, Indians were quite plenty, but as they sided with the British they had to leave the country, since which an Indian has rarely been seen in the town. Their principal location was on the head waters of the Nimishilla, on sections 36 and 25 where the remains of their old forts and wigwams are yet to be seen.

The N. W. quarter of section 25, on land purchased by Cornelius Johnson, of the U. S. in 1813, and on which he yet resides, appears to have been a favorite hunting ground of the Indians, as arrow heads, hatches, skinning knives, and other implements, have been found there in great abundance.

From the numerous flint chips found on that quarter of the section, it would seem to have been a place for manufacturing their stone hatchets and arrow heads. Where they found the stone is unknown.

This spot seems to have been selected on account of its being light timbered, clear from underbrush, and elevated a little above the surrounding lands. Scattered over this elevated *plateau*, were found piles of stone, varying in size from a man's fist to his head, and arranged in heaps of from 4 by 6 feet to a little larger or smaller.

Tradition assigns to them the honor of holding the ashes of some warrior or chief, but as no bones or human remains have ever been found in them, I am inclined to think them *altars*, on

which they sacrificed to their Gods, and the spirits of their departed Braves. Among all the tribes sacrifices were common; and from these small and rude tumuli to the vast sacrificial mound of Cholula, we can trace the Jewish Altar—the tradition of which still lingers among these remnants of the lost tribes on which, in imitation of their ancient brethren, in the palmy days of Judea, they offer tobacco to the god of Peace, and a dog to the god of War*

Tradition says that one of the early settlers in Green attempted to desecrate one of these tumuli, but after throwing down three or four feet of it, and when he was, as he supposed, about to accomplish his object, he was seized with a supernatural fear, and abandoned the enterprise. Many of the early settlers dreaded the spirit of the dead Indian far more than they did the living spirit encased in flesh and bones, however well armed. Even the harmless Will-o'-the-wisp caused the strong man to tremble, as he paced his solitary way through the forest, and his imagination painted it as the spirit of the injured red man,

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* In confirmation of this opinion that these *heaps* of stones are altars, and that the idea of them is derived from the ancient Jewish custom of erecting a pillar of a single stone, or a heap of stones, on which to sacrifice, to commemorate some remarkable occurrence, I offer the following:—At the foot of the Rapids of the Maumee, near Wayne's battle ground, is a rock, on or near which the Indian Chief Turkey Foot died, from wounds received in that battle, The Indians have carved a rude resemblance of a Turkey's foot on that rock, and to this day in passing it, they deposit on it a piece of tobacco as an offering to the spirit of Turkey Foot, their favorite chief.

The Jewish custom was similar, *except in the thing offered*—as appears from their records:—"And Jacob took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar and poured oil upon the top of it. [Gen. 28, v. 11 and 18.

"Jacob took a stone and set it up for a pillar. And Jacob said unto his brethren, 'gather stones,' *and they took stones, and made an heap*, and they did eat there, upon the heap. Then Jacob offered sacrifice upon the mount." [Gen. 31, v. 45, 46, and 54.

returned to his native haunts to upbraid the pale faces for their fraud and double tongues.

Among the celebrated Indians who used this township for a hunting ground, was a chief, called by the whites "Beaver Hat." He had a settlement in the south part of the village of Wooster, where the Baptist burying ground now is. His Indian name was Paupellman, and his settlement he called "Apple Chanquecake," or apple orchard. He was a bitter enemy of the whites, and, when drunk, he would take out a string with 13 white men's tongues on it, dried, and exhibit them with much pride. One day he got out his string of tongues, and began to shake them, when George Harter took his rifle, and started after him, saying he would go and kill a buck. The report of a rifle was soon after heard, but he brought back no game, nor was Beaver Hat ever heard of more.

One of the greatest curiosities of the Township, in the early settlement, was "Rattle-snake Spring," on section 25, first owned by John Yarrick. It is on the road from Greentown to Greensburg. When Yarrick first purchased this land, this spring was a great resort for Rattle Snakes. It issues from a crevice in a lime stone rock, overlaid with a bold bank of about 20 feet high. In the fall of the year, the snakes would resort to this spring, and enter the crevice of the rock, where they remained through the winter.

When the warmth of spring revived them from their torpor, they would emerge from their winter quarters to bask in the sun. At this season they fell an easy prey to the destroyer. Yarrick and his family would kill hundreds of them, pile them on a log heap, and burn them. By this wholesale butchery, this enemy of God and man was soon extirpated, and nothing now remains of that "representative of the transgression," but his name.

HUDSON.

This is Town four, Range ten, and was purchased of the Connecticut Land Company by David Hudson, Birdseye Norton, Nathaniel Norton, Stephen Baldwin, Benjamin Oviatt, and Theodore Parmele, for fifty-two cents an acre. In the original survey it was laid down as a swamp Township, and in order to make it equal to the average Townships, there was annexed to it, from the equalizing Townships, 10,000 acres, which reduced the price of the land in this Township to about thirty-four cents an acre.

In the spring of 1799, David Hudson, more familiarly known on the Reserve, by the name of Deacon Hudson, started from Goshen, Litchfield county, Connecticut, for his new purchase. This journey, which is now performed with ease in thirty-six hours, at that time took months. Near Geandequot Bay, on Lake Ontario, he overtook Benjamin Tappan, the owner of Ravenna, with whom he subsequently kept company. In crossing Lake Ontario they overtook Elias Harmon, on his way to Mantua, where he had made a purchase. They then pursued their journey in company, and on arriving at the foot of the rapids below Niagara Falls, landed their goods, and drew their boats around the Falls by land. They were detained above the Falls for several days, by strong winds down the lake, against which they could not make headway. The wind usually lulled away at night, and by setting and cordelling during the night, they finally began to make their way toward their destined home. Among the hands employed by Hudson was one who preferred to sleep at night, and he demurred to cordelling, assigning as a reason, that he was hired to work day times, and not nights. Dea. Hudson, with a shrewdness peculiar to himself, instead of taking issue with him, at once acknowledged the justice of his

claim, and allowed him to rest at night while the others were at hard labor. When opposite Cattaraugus, the wind became so strong that they had to lie by for several days. Deacon Hudson got an axe, and told the stickler for reserved rights to go to chopping cord wood. While the rest of the crew were recruiting, he was chopping and piling cord wood, hundreds of miles from a human habitation. Stickler soon became convinced that a literal construction of his contract had a hard, as well as an easy operation, and he begged the privilege of cordelling nights, instead of chopping and cording wood in the Cattaraugus swamp.

The party at length arrived opposite to the mouth of Ashtabula creek, where they were driven on shore in a storm, and Mr. Harmon's boat stove in. Hudson purchased the wreck for $5, and repaired it, and, with Mr. Tappan, proceeded up the lake. Mr Harmon left them and proceeded by land to Mantua. On the 8th of June they arrived at Cleveland, then occupied by a population of one family, Lorenzo Carter, from Rutland, Vt. He had a fine crop of wheat on the present site of the city; and the crop was worth more than the land on which it grew.

They proceeded up the Cuyahoga, until they supposed they were in the latitude of Hudson, when they landed at the mouth of Brandywine creek, in what is now Boston; and after a search of six days, discovered the southern line of Hudson. Mr. Hudson immediately moved his effects to the south-west corner of his township, where he erected a bark shantee; the first house built by a white man in the township.

Mr. Hudson now commenced putting in a field of wheat, and on the 25th of July he began the survey of his township, which he completed on the 10th of October; and on the 11th, with his son, Ira, then only eleven years old, he left his new settlement to return to Goshen for his family. He took the old wreck that he bought of Harmon, and in this frail bark started down the lake. Having arrived safely at Ontario county, N. Y., Mr. Hudson left his little son, and proceeded alone to Goshen, where he found his family well, and immediately prepared to remove them —and in February, 1800, left Goshen for his wilderness home. They remained at Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y., until spring,

during which time he purchased four boats, and thoroughly repaired the old one, which was now about to make its third trip across the Lakes. On the 24th day of April, 1800, they started up the Mohawk, in their open boats; the fleet consisting of "Sloth," Capt. D. Hudson, "Lion," Capt. Joel Gaylord, "Beaver," Capt. Samuel Bishop, "*Loon*," Capt. Joseph Darrow, "Duck," Capt. W. McKinley. Reuben Bishop, then in his 13th year, was steersman on the "Duck." From the Mohawk, they passed down Wood Creek to Oneida Lake, through the Lake to Oswego river, down that river to Lake Ontario, up the lake to the "Falls," round which they carried their fleet on wagons. Nothing material occurred until they reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga. This river, now forming a harbor for ships of every burden, was then so shallow that in attempting to enter the mouth of it, Mr. Hudson's boat grounded, and but for a heavy wave that bore him over, his boat must have been wrecked. The night after they entered the river, they arrived at what is now called the Pinery, in Northfield, where they landed and encamped. During the night a tremendous rain raised the river so as to overflow their camp, and completely drown them out.

On the 28th of May they reached their landing place at Brandywine creek, where they made some wooden sleds, on which to draw their things up to Hudson.

Elijah Noble, Luman Bishop, David Bishop and Joseph G. Bishop, drove the cattle and hogs by land through the wilderness, and arrived about the time of the fleet. When collected for public Thanksgiving, as was done soon after they arrived, the company consisted of David Hudson, his wife and six children—Samuel, Ira, William N., Milo D., Timothy and Abigail L.; Joel Gaylord, Heman Oviatt, Samuel Bishop, Joseph Darrow, George Darrow, Wm. McKinley, Allen Gaylord, Derick Stafford, Gordon Crandall, Dr. Moses Thompson, Reuben P. Barass, Reuben Bishop, Mrs. Samuel Bishop, Miss Ruth Gaylord, (who received as a bounty 40 acres of land,) Mrs. Noble and an infant son.

Heman Oviatt located his land a mile south of the centre, and he and Joel Gaylord raised a shantee on the bank of the creek south of the center, and put in four acres of spring wheat.

Dea. Hudson and Bishop each put up a house that summer, and in the fall Oviatt, Gaylord, and some others, started for their families in Connecticut.

On the 4th of July they celebrated our National Independence, Dea. Hudson delivering the oration; after which all the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country, sat down to a sumptous repast placed on a table made of bark spread on poles lying in crotched sticks set up in the ground. This table was set on the public square, a few rods south of where Baldwin's store, occupied by John Buss, now stands, and was surrounded by 43 persons—men, women and children.

The nearest mill, at this time, was at Newburgh, where one had been erected in the spring of 1799, to which they had to go for all their grinding, through the wilderness; there were, however, but two mud-holes, and these were separated by Tinker's Creek.

At this time the Indians were plenty in and around Hudson. Among others was a celebrated Ottawa chief, named Ogontz. He had been educated by the French missionaries, at Quebec, for a Catholic Priest, but no sooner were the restraints of civilization removed, than he exclaimed with another of his race—

"I hate these antiquated halls;
I hate the Grecian poet's song";

and left for the freedom of his forest home. He lived on what is now the site of Sandusky City, and a fort, called Fort Industry, was located on his territory, where the treaty of 1805 was concluded, by which the Indians ceded all their lands, in the Connecticut Reserve, west of the Cuayhoga. Ogontz was brave, talented, and well educated, but, like his race, wild and intractable. At the time of the first settlement in Hudson, he had no power other than what his talents and education gave him. Coming along one day, near dusk, on horseback, he inquired of Capt. Heman Oviatt the path to Ponty's camp, Capt. Oviatt walked along into the woods to shew him, when Ogontz ordered him to go further; but the captain was the wrong man to order—the more he was ordered the more he wouldn't. Ogontz drew up his rifle to shoot him, when the Capt. sprung, and seizing his

rifle, wrenched it from him, and then ordered Ogontz to "right about!" The haughty Indian, knowing whom he had to deal with, obeyed orders like a drill sergeant, and the Captain drove him back to Hudson, where, after discharging his rifle, and taking from him his ammunition, he discharged *him*, in no very pleasant humor.

Ogontz would furnish materials for a romance. In 1808, the Indians, holding a grand pow-wow, became greatly excited by whiskey. Ogontz, almost alone, remained sober. In the frenzy of intoxication, the chief of the tribe struck Ogontz, who immediately laid the head of the chief open with his tomahawk, and him dead at his feet.

On the following day the Indians held a council, in which Ogontz was acquitted, and made chief instead of the one he had slain. Ogontz, having no children, adopted the only son of the deceased chief, and with all the tenderness of a father reared him to manhood—but no sooner had the lad arrived at the age prescribed for a warrior, than, with the retaliating spirit of the savage, he shot his benefactor, and avenged the blood of his father.

The little colony that remained after Heman Oviatt and others left for Connecticut, in the fall of 1801, wintered through without any remarkable occurrence, until the 22d of March, 1802, when it received an accession of not only those who left, but of their families also. They left Goshen on the 17th of January, 1802, and came by the usual route of Bloomfield, Lake Ontario and Erie. On the 11th of June, 1802, it received a still further accession by the arrival of John Oviatt, Ames Lusk, Eloida Lindley, William Boughton and Aaron Norton, with their families, most of whom settled in the north-west quarter of the township, where they erected houses, with roofs sloping one way only. The roofs were covered with bark, and the floors were constructed of the same material, and as often as they needed cleaning were renewed instead of scrubbed.

On the 4th of Sept. 1802, the first Church, consisting of 13 members, was organized by the Rev. Mr. Badger, from Blandford, Mass. He was the first missionary on the Reserve, and

the first preacher in Hudson. The meeting for the organization was held at the house of Mr. Hudson, nearly opposite where Judge Humphrey now lives, and a few rods north of David Hurn's house. Five of that church yet survive, eight lie in the Hudson cemetery.

Mr. Badger came out and examined his field of labor in 1800, and so well pleased was he with the prospect, that he returned, resigned his charge in Blandford, where he had labored fourteen years, and removed his family to the almost trackless wilderness. His was the first wagon that ever passed from Buffalo on to the Western Reserve by land.

He divided his labors between the whites of the Reserve and the Indians of Sandusky and Maumee. He was not only a preacher of peace, but a man of war. He was in Harrison's army during the war of 1812, and at the seige of Fort Meigs, in 1812. In 1835, this missionary Boone, tired of increasing civilization, removed to Wood county, Ohio, where he died in 1846.

A few anecdotes of the early settlers will not be inappropriate to illustrate the hardships they had to endure—the character of the inhabitants, and show, by contrast, the present state of the town to better advantage.

Soon after John Oviatt arrived, his wife went to the house of Heman Oviatt, who lived where Justin Kilbourn now resides, and on her way home stopped at the house of Elijah Noble, where Rev. Mr. Pitkin now lives. On leaving there she had two miles to go without a house, and no road but blazed trees. Mrs. Heman Oviatt, on her leaving there, had given her several pieces of dried venison, which she was carrying home. Soon after leaving Mr. Noble's, a pack of wolves, attracted by the smell of the meat, set off in full chase after her. She commenced running and hallooing as loud as possible, and when the pack came up with her, she threw a piece of meat to them, and while they were fighting over that, she made good her headway. In this manner she made good her retreat, until she came so near home that her husband heard her. Seizing his gun and a brand of fire, he ran

and met her, just as her meat was all dealt out, and she was so exhausted that she was falling. He gave her pursuers one shot, on which they left.

At this time the Courts were held in Warren. At one term, Mr. Oviatt was summoned there as a juryman, and his wife, with several small children, was left alone. While he was absent, two Indians came to the house and wanted to stay all night. They had some whiskey with them, and were considerably intoxicated. Mrs. Oviatt refused to allow them to stay, but on their begging hard, she consented, on condition they would give up their guns, tomahawks and knives. They gave them up, and she put them behind the bed. There was with her, at the time, on a visit, Mrs. Lindley and Miss Polly Kellogg. As it drew near night, Mrs. Lindley had to go home, but sent Luman Bishop, then a young man, to stay with them. This enraged the oldest of the Indians, as he knew he came to watch him. Mrs. Oviatt's little son, about two years old, was crying to have his mother take him, when the old Indian seized him by the heels, and swung him over his shoulders to dash his brains out against the chimney. Mrs. Oviatt caught the child and took it away from him, and gave him to her little daughter Sophronia, (now Mrs. Daniel C. Gaylord,) then about eight years old. The Indian then went out where a son of Mrs. Oviatt was chopping wood, took the ax from him, and was going to kill him. She, mistrusting his object, had followed him, and took the ax from him and hid it.

She had a large kettle over the fire with boiling water. She took it off, and carried it out doors; saying to the Indians, "see how stout I am! I can handle half a dozen just such Indians as you are, and I will tie you if you don't behave yourself!" Mrs. Oviatt soon after went up into the loft to put her children to bed; leaving Mr. Bishop and Miss Kellogg sitting on a chest. While she was gone, the Indian got the gun, and snapped it at them. Mrs. Oviatt hearing the noise, called out, "who has got that gun? Put it up quick, or I'll be down among you!" The Indian, before this, having learned her turn of mind, to govern her own house, put it back, and was just coming from it as she came down.

Mrs. Daniel C. Gaylord, to whom I am happy to acknowledge my indebtedness for most of my information in regard to the settlement in 1802, who was then a child of eight years—says: "I covered up the little ones, as my mother had left me to do, and then—being possessed of the curiosity of my sex—I crawled down on the floor to peep through the crack, as there was one about two inches wide. The old Indian would run up to the fire, and sticking his hands under the forestick, would take up live coals and rub and roll them in his hands, and then give the war whoop.

"He would then show her how he would scalp her, and hang her scalp on a pole. She told him to behave himself or she would tie him. She would not have such works any longer. She told my oldest sister to go to the loft and get a rope. Mr. Bishop was afraid she would get into worse trouble, and did not want her to tie him; but she did. The rope being rather stiff, he twisted his hands round till he got them loose. She then sent my sister for a head of flax, from which she twisted a string, and tied him with that. He then began to dance around the room, and whoop, when she tied his feet and made him sit down. He still continued yelling, when she took a large potato, and crammed it into his mouth. The little Indian, who had been very quiet, scolded the old Indian for being so ugly. At length he gave up, and agreed to be quiet if she would untie him. She did so, and he lay down. After a while the others lay down, and in a little time the Indian went to the bed where my mother and Miss Kellogg were, and says to my mother, "*haw weechee*," which means "here, friend." My mother asked what he wanted. He pointed to Miss Kellogg, saying, "*cawen nishishen squaw*"—meaning, no good squaw—send her to her wigwam? Mother told him to go back and lie down, which he did. Soon after he told her if she would give him his gun and tomahawk he would go away. She consented to do so; but instead of leaving he sat down and primed his gun, when mother took him by the shoulder, and pushed him to the door, and made him fire off his gun. She then took it from him, but he would not give up his tomahawk.

She made him again lie down by the fire, but he soon after came to the bed, and says, two or three times, "haw wechee,"—but mother made him no answer. Thinking she was asleep, he raised his tomahawk and reached over to strike Miss Kellogg, but being top heavy with whiskey he lost his balance, and fell his whole length across the bed. They all sprung up, and he again promised, if mother would let him have his gun he would go away. As it was then near day she gave it to him, and he took it, with a brand of fire, and left. They built a fire a few rods from the house, and lay down by it until day-light. In the morning mother went to the yard to feed the cattle, and while there, they fired into the yard and killed two chickens, which they cooked and eat, and then left."

In the fall of 1802, Gov. Huntington started for Washington, on public business, and being in great haste, rode with all the expedition he could. The only mode of travel was on horseback, and the only roads were Indian trails. He left Tinker's Creek, in Cuyahoga county, about dusk, and had then to make ten miles before he came to a house, which was Col. Oviatt's in Hudson. Soon after he left the Creek a pack of wolves got after him and came so close to him as to snap at his feet. He beat them off with the but of his whip till that was worn out, and then took an umbrella, he had mailed on behind, and beat them with that, till that was literally in shreds. About nine or ten o'clock at night he arrived at Hudson, himself and horse exhausted, and the chase ended.

Elijah Noble, who came on in 1800, had in the mean time moved near the west line of township. Being at Colonel John Oviatt's one day, he left for home. He had not been absent but a few moments when Colonel Oviatt heard him scream. The settlers were all minute men, and always ready for action. Oviatt seized his gun and ax, and started in pursuit. He soon came up with Noble, whom he found in the fraternal embrace of an old bear who had shown her attachment in so pressing a manner that Noble could not speak. Oviatt fired, which partially stunned the bear, when he plied his ax about her head till she released her hold on Noble. Noble got his liberty, and Oviatt got the bear, and a cub, for whose special use Noble was intended.

David Hudson the founder of this interesting settlement, was born in Brandford, Connecticut, February 17, 1770, and was a descendant of Hendric Hudson the navigator of "merrie memorie." He was the youngest son of the youngest son, for six generations—each bearing the name of David. In Deacon Hudson the chain was broken—his youngest son dying without a male heir.

Of the company that came in 1800, ten only survive. His son Wm. N., lives in Meigs County, Ohio; Timothy, in Wisconsin, and his daughter Abigail, L., in Hudson; George Darrow, in Hudson; Dr. Moses Thompson, in Hudson; Jos. S. Bishop, in Hudson; Heman Oviatt, in Richfield; Joseph Darrow, in Stow; David Bishop, in Charlestown, and Allen Gaylord, in Newburgh.

The first house erected in the town, was in the South-West corner, near Francis Flanigan's. It was fourteen feet square, and Thadeus Lacey and wife lived in it in the winter of 1799, 1800.

In the fall of 1799 another was put up on Lot 56—nearly opposite Judge Humphrey's. In this house a Mr. Kellogg and wife spent the the winter, and till Mr. Hudson and family arrived in June, 1800. In this house the first church was organized in September, 1802, and continued to be the place of holding meetings till November 3, 1802, when it was burnt down, with its contents of clothing and other necessaries, which could not be procured in the new settlement.

The first frame building in the town was a barn, built by Dea. Hudson, on Lot 55, opposite to the house that was burnt. It is now standing, a few rods north of Judge Humphrey's. It is now owned by Harvey Baldwin, and has on it the same black walnut siding that was put on it in 1802, and bids fair to stand as a memento of the past till the next semi-centenial anniversary. In 1806, Deacon Hudson built his frame house on the North-East corner of Lot 55, where Harvey Baldwin now lives. It is the oldest house, probably, in the county and is still one of the best

The first school was taught by George Pease, in the fall and winter of 1801. The school house stood on the South-West corner of Lot 56, near the centre of what was then the public square. Mr. Pease was a prominent man, combining in himself the

office of Teacher and Town Clerk, being the second person who held the office in the township. He was born in Enfield, Connecticut in 1776, came to Hudson in the spring of 1801—was commissary in Gen. Harrison's army—Postmaster at Sandusky, and in 1818 went south where he died. The next school taught was in the same house by Miss Patty Filer, a sister of Mrs. Judge Norton. She, too, is dead. The next school was in the North-West corner of the town, near John Oviatt's, and was taught by Miss Amy Cannon, now the widow of Deacon Spencer, in Aurora.

The first marriage was George Darrow to Olive Gaylord.—This was solemnized by Deacon Hudson on the 11th of October, 1801. It was intended to be a private wedding, as it was Deacon Hudson's first effort, but he communicated the secret to his wife, and she, unbeknown to him, had spread the news.—The Deacon, to prevent suspicion, took a by-way to the bride's father's, but on arriving there found assembled every person in the township.

The first birth in the bounds of what is now Hudson, was Anner May Hudson, a daughter of Deacon Hudson, who was born in "The North-Western Territory," October 28, 1800. She is now the wife of Harvey Baldwin. The first male born was Harry Leach, in November, 1801. This, too, was in the "North-Western Territory"—Hudson not being organized as a Township until April 5, 1802, when it embraced Stow, Mantua, Streetsborough, Boston and Northampton.

The first death was Ira Noble, a son of Elijah Noble, about eight years old, who died with the croup, in August, 1800.

April 5, 1802, the township was organized by the election of officers. There were fifteen votes cast. Of the voters Heman Oviat, George Darrow, Joseph Darrow and Moses Thompson, alone survive. At the election David Hudson was chosen Chairman; Thadeus Lacy, Town Clerk; Heman Oviatt, first Trustee and Manager; Ebenezer Sheldon, second Trustee; Elias Harmon Poor-Master; Aaron Norton Fence-Viewer; Rufus Edwards, Constable. Of these Heman Oviatt alone remains.

In the town record is the following entry: "Town of Hudson,

New Connecticut purchase, June 4, 1800; then laid out to y^e^ proprietors for y^e^ Town aforesaid, for y^e^ use of said Town as a public green 10 acres of land," &c.

In the war of 1812, Hudson was a frontier town. General Wadsworth lay on the Cuyahoga with an army to protect the settlers. Geo. Darrow was then Major of a Battalion of militia, embracing all the west part of what are now Portage and Summit. Of one of these companies Colonel Rial McArthur was Captoin. Immediately after Hull's surrender, Major Darrow, with his Battalion, was ordered to Cleveland, and from there to Old Portage, to reinforce General Wadsworth. He was then ordered to open a road to Camp Huron, but before he had completed it he heard of the battle with the Indians on "the Peninsula," and he forced his way directly to Camp Huron to reinforce that garrison. From there he was ordered to Fort Stevenson, of which he had command until the defeat of Winchester, when he was ordered to the Maumee, where he assisted in building Fort Meigs. Campbell's company from Ravenna, and Darrow's battalion from the west part of the county took nearly all the men capable of bearing arms. So reduced were they that a draft, *en masse*, being made a company in Mantua numbered one Captain, two Lieutenants, one Ensign, two Sergeants, and five Privates. In Sept. 1821, the Directors of the Portage Missionary Society, in their annual Report, brought to view the destitute condition of the churches in the bounds of the Society in regard to Ministers. Rev. Kiah, Bailey, of New Castle, Maine, on reading the Report was induced to write to the Secretary of the Society and urge the importance of a united effort by the ministers in this region, to establish an Institutien for the purpose of educating pious young men who might become pastors of these destitute churches.

In January 1802 this communication was laid before a meeting of ministers of Grand River, and Portage Presbyteries, who resolved to bring the subject before their churches and Presbyteries which met at Warren on the 30th of April, following, and recommended the establishment of a Theological Institution on the foundation of the Erie Literary Society at Burton—on certain conditions: which were acceded to by the Erie Literary Society.

The school, in the character of an Academy, was started, but in 1823 the Managers became convinced that an institution, such as they wanted, could not be built up at Burton, and requested the Trustees of the Erie Literary Society to remove the establishment, but they refused. The managers then applied to the Presbyteries of Portage, Grand River, and Huron, to appoint four commissioners to consult with the Managers. These Commissioners and Managers met at Aurora on the second of June, 1824, when it was decided that is was inexpedient longer to continue the connexion formed by the Presbyteries and the Trustees of the Erie Literary Society; that it was expedient to make trial to establish a separate Institution, and that the Presbyteries of Portage, Grand River, and Huron appoint four Commissioners, two laymen, and two Clergyman, to locate the Institution; that they should meet at Hudson on the 22d of September, 1824, to make their Report.

The Commissioners met on that day, and located the contemplated Institution at Hudson. The first Board of Trustees met at Hudson on the 15th of February, 1825, organized, and at the session of the Legislature of 1825–6, procured a charter, and the Western Reserve College had a local habitation and a name.

An incident illustrating Indian character for honesty is given in a letter since the publication of Historical Riminiscences of Hudson.

Mrs. Lindley, who was with Mrs. Oviatt at the time of the struggle with the indians, is still alive, and relates the following:

I know the father of the two Indians that were at Mrs. Oviatt's His name was Pontecacawaugh. George Wilson, (the man who was afterwards killed, at Muddy brook, in Stow, by Jonathan Williams,) a friend of old Pontecacawaugh, called at Mrs. Oviatt's, and she related the circumstances to him. Wilson expressed great grief, and went to Pontecacawaugh with the statement. Pontecacawaugh and Wilson soon returned, and the father, after hearing Mrs. Oviatt's statement of his son's conduct, expressed great sorrow that his boys should do so bad; and said they should pay all damages for any loss of property, and requested Mrs. Oviatt to draw an order on the boys for the damage.

This she agreed to, if he would tell her what to write. He accordingly dictated and she wrote as follows:

"Pontecacawaugh's boys kill hen two; pay coon skin two; four days. PONTECAWAUGH, × his mark.
GEORGE WILSON, × his mark."

Within four days the coon skins were paid on the order.

How much more is this in the spirit of Christianity than the manner the whites have fulfilled their engagements to the Indians.

MIDDLEBURY.

This is not a township, but an election district, formed like Cuyahoga Falls, from the corners of four townships—Tallmadge, Springfield, Coventry and Portage. It lies in a beautiful valley, on both sides of the Little Cuyahoga, and was, about 1826–7 one of the most thriving villages on the Reserve.

The founder of this village was Captain Joseph Hart. He was born in Wallingford, Connecticut, and was bred a sailor. He followed a sea-faring life, sailing from the port of New Haven, until he became captain of a ship. In 1799, he was captured by a French cruiser, and with his ship and crew taken to France. On his return he quit the Ocean, and in 1804 removed to Ohio, settling, at first, in Atwater, Portage county. In 1807, he purchased 54 acres of land, including the site now occupied by this village, and removed on to it, and commenced erecting a mill.—He soon after sold the one-half of his purchase to Aaron Norton, and they erected the mill in company; but scarcely had they got it completed when Hart died, leaving an only son, William J. Hart, now residing near Akron, who subsequently laid out the village; and a daughter, now the wife of Roswell Kent. William J. Hart was born in New Haven, in Connecticut in 1794—Mrs. Kent in Middlebury, being the first white child born there. In the Spring of 1808, Aaron Norton, who was elected Judge on the organization of Portage county, that year, removed from Northampton, where he had previously erected a mill, on the site now occupied by Thomas J. French, and in company with Joseph Hart laid the foundation of Middlebury by finishing the erection of the grist mill where the large stone-ware factory now stands just above the lower bridge, which Joseph Hart had commenced the year before. His house stood just back of where Mr. Henry Rhodes now lives, near a large and

permanent spring which has since by the draining of a pond half a mile east of Middlebury, entirely disappeared.

On the 6th of August of that year, Eliza Hart, daughter of Joseph Hart, and now the wife of Roswell Kent, was born—being the first white child born in the village.

For many years the "Middlebury Mills" did the work of the surrounding country for grinding—as did "Bagley's Factory," the cloth dressing and carding. Business increased, and it became the center of trade and fashion for all the surrounding country. In 1818 the village was laid out by William J. Hart, a son of Joseph Hart, and it seemed destined to become the leading town on the Reserve. In October, 1825, a newspaper was started in this place, called the Portage Journal. As Akron had no habitation, nor even a name, Middlebury was the resort of the enterprising and business men who were bidders and contractors on the Ohio Canal. So great was the business, at that time that there were no less than sixteen stores in the village, and all doing a good business. Mills, factories, and mechanical shops sprung into existence as if by magic.

On the location of the canal, Akron sprung up with its immense water power, and for a while entirely overshadowed Middlebury. Judge Norton, Joseph Hart, and others of its warm friends and founders died; others looking to immediate effects, became discouraged, and with their capital left the place; the factories closed, and the "grinding ceased;" the thronged streets were transferred to Akron, and the epitaph of Carthage was almost inscribed on her monument.

The friends of Middlebury then discovered that prosperity did not lie in speculation, nor fashion; but in industry, and enterprise. Mechanical establishments began to increase—the valuable water power became improved. A company was incorporated by the Legislature of Ohio called the Middlebury Hydraulic Company, authorized to raise the natural surface of Springfield lake, in which the Little Cuyahoga has its rise, six feet, and lower it four feet below the natural surface. This gave to the water power of Middlebury a permanency, and sufficiency that could at all times be relied on.

Among the prominent manufactories in Middlebury is the carriage manufactory of C. A. Collins, which turns off manufactured articles to the amount of $20,000 annually. The carriages manufactured at this shop are of the highest finish and style, and are in great demand in the South and South-Western States.

Messrs. Irish, McMillan & Co. have an extensive Machine shop, where all kinds of Machinery is manufactured. Their building is three stories high and about three hundred feet long by forty wide; and they average in manufactured articles, about $14,000 a year. Their Fire-engines are superior to articles of the same kind from the Troy or other Eastern establisments.—The death of Reuben McMillan, one of the firm, was deeply felt by the community as well as by the immediate vicinity. He was the very life and soul of mechanical business to which he was devoted with a zeal amounting to almost mono-mania.

The Pottery business is carried on extensively in this town.—There are three devoted to the manufacture of ordinary stoneware one to the manufacture of stone pipe and pumps, and one to Liverpool ware. The clay is procured in Springfield, and the ware is of the best quality. The pipe for pumps, or water drains, is made in joints of twenty inches, and by shoulders and cement are put together so as to present an entirely smooth inner surface. They are glazed inside and out so as to prevent decay of the pipe, and an unpleasant taste to the water. They are destined to supercede all metalic pipes.

These potteries furnish some 80,000 gallons of the manufactured article annually, which averages five cents a gallon. There is also a cabinet shop in this town which turns off an immense number of articles in its line. Every operation from jacking an oak board to veneering the choicest mahogany is done by machinery.

Rawson, Goodale & Co., have a woolen factory in this town which employs a large number of hands, and turns off a large amount of broadcloths, satin'ts and flannels. They are taken to the N.Y. markets, the Ohio mark taken off, and then by the merchants returned to Ohio, and sold as European manufacture. The de-

ception is a harmless one, as their manufactures are decidedly preferable to the imported.

There is also a comb, and button factory—a plow shop, a manufactory of fanning-mills, a saddle and harness shop, several factories for the manufacturing of lucifer matches, a town library, two stores, a high shool, and three churches. It is an incorporated village, with a Mayor and council, and is now in a healthy, thriving and prosperous condition.

Aaron Norton, one of the founders of the village, was a native of Goshen, Connecticut. He came into Ohio about 1802, and settled in Hudson near what is now called "Streetsboro four corners." In 1803, he erected a grist mill on Tinker's creek, near his residence, which was burned by the Indians in the year following. In 1806, he removed to Northampton, and built a mill, and distillery at what is now known as French's mill, on Mud Brook. He remained there a little over a year, when he removed to Middlebury. In 1808, on the organization of the county of Portage, he was elected one of the Judges. He was a man of fine natural abilities, possessing a quickness of thought, and perception, and an irresistable vein of wit, and fun.

On one occasion, a dandy, speaking of a person who had vamoosed, and wishing to use high flown language, said he had "absquandered." That, says Norton, I suppose is catamount to running away.

Norton kept a tavern for a while, and on one occasion a cockney put up with him, and showed off some airs of the aristocratic order. He inquired of Norton if he had any cigars. Norton set out some that would have made the mouth of a Cuban Senorita water. After criticising them severely, as inferior to what they got in his country, he took one, and inquired if the landlord had a cigar pipe, as he did not like to take the wegetable into his mouth. Norton got an ivory pipe, formerly used in cases of sickness, before the invention of syrringes, into one end of which he introduced his cigar, and taking the other end of the pipe into his mouth began to puff away most lustily. A dreamy happiness coming over him, which he attributed to the virtues of his ivory cooling pipe, he inquired, "Landlor',' 'ave you hanny ov

these pipes for sale in this town!" I think not, said the Judge, as this has been borrowed, and used in every case of sickness in this neighborhood since I have lived here. The cockney "absquandered."

While the Judge was upon the bench a fellow who had been employed in the Middlebury mills was indicted, and tried, for stealing a log chain. His defence was former good character, to sustain which he called on the Judge—who swore his character was about as good as that of millers in general.

After the adjournment of the court, General Woodward, of Franklin, *who was a miller*, took Norton to task, for what he called an impeachment of the millers. "I was bound," says Norton, "to swear to the truth. I believe his character for honesty is as good as millers in general, but I believe he stole the log chain." He died in the fall of 1825.

Among the early settlers in Middlebury were Samuel Newton, and Josiah W. Brown. Mr. Newton was born in Groton, Connecticut, and came to Middlebury in 1815. He settled on the corners, and erected the building known as "Newton's Tavern," which he kept, as a public house over thirty years. After he had passed the age of three score years, he got the California fever, and took the "Overland Route." Having seen "the Elephant," he returned to pass his days contentedly, and happy in the home of his youth. He is the only early settler remaining in Middlebury.

Josiah W. Brown was born in Canaan, Connecticut, in 1776, and came to Middlebury in 1816. He was a scholar, and of an investigating, discriminating mind. He was for many years "the Justice" with rotund body, who administered Justice with Mercy, to his neighborhood. He was uniformly foreman of the Grand Jury, or of the petit Jury, until it became a common remark that Court could not open till Esquire Brown came.

But, having acted well his part, in the month f January, 1852, he too was gathered to his Fathers.

In the language of Ossian:—"The chiefs of other times are departed. They have gone without their fame. Another race has arisen. The people are like the waves of the ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high."

NORTON,

Which is number one, in range twelve, originally formed a part what was called Wolf Creek township. That embraced the territory now known as Norton and Coply in Summit county, and Wadsworth, Sharon, Guilford and Montville in Medina county. The first election in this large territory was held at the house of Philemon Kirkam, on the first Monday of April, 1816, when Henry Van Hyning and Salmon Warner were elected the first Justices of the Peace. At that election there were twenty-two votes polled.

Norton was set off with its present boundaries on the 6th of April, 1818, and took its name from Birdseye Norton, who was the principal proprietor.

The first settler within the bounds of Norton, was James Robinson, who came from Otsego county, New York, in 1810, and settled on lot 19, where Sylvester Van Hyning now lives. He erected the first house in the township, on said lot.

In 1815 he sold his farm, and moved to Northampton, and soon after removed to New Portage, where he erected a distillery, then, like the gallows, a constant attendaat on civilization. He died at New Portage.

In the fall of 1814 he was married to Lois Bates, by William Prior, of Northampton. This was the first wedding in the township.

At the first election, in April, 1818, Talcott Bates and Ambrose Palmer were elected Justices of the Peace. Palmer subsequently moved to New Portage, then the El Dorado of Northern Ohio, where he erected glass works, and finally became a Mormon and died at "the far West."

At the first election there were thirty-one votes polled.

The first school taught in the town, was kept by Sarah Wyatt,

in a log house near Johnson's Corners. I cannot ascertain whether she is dead or alive.

In the fall of 1812 a boat came up the Tuscarawas, from Coshocton, loaded with whisky, and "other necessaries" for the inhabitants. It was in a time of high water, and they mistook Wolf Creek for the main river, and did not discover their mistake until they got to where Robinson had erected a shantee, near where Clark's mill now stands. Winter soon after set in, and the boat lay frozen up till spring.

Henry Van Hyning, Sen., father of the present Henry Van Hyning, of Norton, came in soon after Robinson, and purchased his land, and cabin, and his son, Sylvester, still lives on it.

In 1817, Thomas Johnson erected a saw mill, which was the first mill in the township.

In 1818, Henry Van Hyning, who is still living in Norton, purchased the farm on which he resides, of Captain Heman Oviatt, of Hudson, agent for the heirs of Birdseye Norton, for four dollars an acre. The first year he raised over three hundred bushels of wheat, but with it all he could not raise money enough to pay his taxes; but had to take his gun, and kill deer, and go, on foot to Cleveland, and sell the skins to raise the money. He can now take fifty dollars an acre for his land, in cash.

In 1823, Thomas Johnson settled in the town, at what is since known as Johnson's Corners, and in 1830 erected the first grist mill, on Hudson's run, where he had previously erected his saw mill. Johnson is dead, but the mill is still in possession of Joshua Shaw, who married his widow.

In 1823 there was a "war of races" in this town, which, for its vindictive character, and undecided result, is worthy of notice. Henry Van Hyning had a yoke of very large Bulls, which formed his team. In the harvest of that year, Abel Irish, who was living with him, went to yoke them up, and after yoking the off side one, he motioned to the near side one to come under the yoke; but he threw himself on his reserved right, and refused to obey. Upon this, Irish, being a little quick in his temper, struck the bull, with the ox bow, several times, over the head. The bull stood motionless until he had received some five or six blows,

when the bull sprang upon Irish, and raising him on his horns, tossed him eight or ten feet into the air. As he came down the bull rushed upon him to fix him to the ground, but his horns being long, straddled his body, and held him without much injury. Irish seized the bull's nose, with his teeth, and gave him so hearty a bite that he sounded a retreat. As soon as he got his nose released, the bull returned to the fight, and again taking his antagonist on his horns, threw him into the air, and catching him in his fall, repeated the dose till Mr. Van Hyning, who saw the fight from the house, some ten rods distant, caught his rifle and went out to shoot the bull. By this time Irish was again on the ground, with the bull's horns astride his body. Irish again got his teeth well fixed in his enemy's nose and used them with such effect that the bull was willing to call it a draw game or else feared the reinforcement that he saw coming to the aid of Irish. He retreated, but his enemy could not follow up the victory. For three weeks Irish was confined to his bed; but recovered, and is now alive to boast that he is the bully that whipped the biggest bull in Norton.

This township is one of the best in the county. It is beautifully rolling and well watered. It is rapidly settling with an industrious, hardy German population from Pennsylvania, who are buying out, and superceding the Anglo-Saxon race. Land is selling at from forty-five dollars to fifty dollars an acre, and probably more farms, in the last two years, have changed hands in this township, than in any other in the county. Its advantages are derived from the quality of the soil, the abundance of water for agricultural purposes and its numerous mill sites. Bituminous coal is found in abundance, and two beds are extensively worked. The inhabitants have been mindful too, of the advantages of good roads, and the frequent crossing of them has given rise to Johnson's corners, Bates' corners, Griswold's corners, &c., at each of which have arisen small, but pleasant villages At the center, also, as in other townships, is a pleasant little village, struggling with its rival corners for the supremacy. Griswold's corners, sometimes called Western Star, is on the line between Summit and Medina counties, the main street of the village being the county line.

NORTHFIELD.

This township, originally called Town Five, Range Eleven, was one of the equalizing townships of the Reserve. As has been explained in previous sketches, the original proprietors, to make the different townships of the standard value, cut up some, and attached parts of such equalizing townships to the poorer townships to make them equal to what were called average townships. There were four townships that were called superior to the average, and each proprietor was anxious to have a portion of them—of these four Northfield was one. It, as well as the other three, was laid out into quarter sections of 160 acres each, so as to give each of the original proprietors a share. The proprietors, living in New England, and looking upon these shares as better investments than those made in their other lands, were not anxious to part with them. Some of the proprietors died leaving their shares to minor heirs, and thus the land was kept out of market; and the fact of its being one of the best townships on the Reserve, tended to keep it from sale and retard its growth. The first settler in the township was Isaac Bacon. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1772, and when quite young, prompted by that active energy that actuated the pioneers of the Reserve to break away from the crowded coast of the Atlantic, he left his native city, and removed to Genesee in the State of New York, where he purchased some land on which he commenced his improvements. In 1801 he married Nancy Cranmer, a sister of Jeremiah and Abraham Cranmer, long known as residents of Northfield.

But, for his active and enterprising spirit, even Genesee was too much cramped—and in 1806 he exchanged his farm there with Judge Phelps, for 320 acres in the Western Reserve; 160 acres of which lay in Northfield—being lot 63—on to which he

removed his family in April, 1807. Zina Post of Hudson, and a family by the name of Noble, at Tinker's creek, in Cuyahoga county, were his nearest neighbors. His family, consisting of himself, wife, a brother of his, and three children, had no shelter but their wagon, until he could erect a cabin. It being nearly impossible to procure help to raise a house, he resolved to attempt it alone, which he did by placing skids on which to roll up the logs, and then, by ropes, fastened to the ends of the logs and thrown over the house, he drew them up by the help of his oxen. In this manner he raised a house, in five days, and had it covered with bark ready for his family. It stood on the lot, and near the spot, where his oldest son, David C. Bacon, now lives.

For three years he had no neighbor nearer than Tinker's creek, and Mrs. Bacon often remarked that for six months after her arrival in Northfield, she did not see the face of a white woman, except her own when looking in a pool of water, the only looking-glass of that day.

At that time Indians were very plenty in Northfield—there being three wigwams on the farm of Bacon, all well filled. Shortly after he built his cabin, a committee was sent out to survey and lay a road from Hudson to the old Portage road, as it was called, to Cleveland. The committee had surveyed to within about 80 rods of Bacon's cabin before they were aware there was a settler in the township. Hearing some one chopping, the committee went to the spot and found Bacon clearing up his farm. To accommodate him they made an angle in the road to get to his house, and then turned out West to the old Portage road. Northampton Mills, fourteen miles distant, were then the nearest mills. It generally took two days to go to the mills and back, as the roads were as bad as can well be imagined. From Hudson to Newburgh was an almost continuous bed of clay mud, almost deep enough to mire a team. Teamsters used to say there were but two mud holes, and Tinker's creek bridge separated them. From Post's, in Hudson to Bacon's farm, was known as the musquito swamp, and well did it merit its name.

For several years after Bacon settled there, bears and wolves were as thick as pettifoggers, in a country village, and almost as

troublesome. One day, while Bacon was from home, a bear came within three or four rods of the house, and caught and carried off a large hog. On another occasion a pack of wolves got after Bacon's sheep, and having chased them several times round the house, they saved their *bacon* by bursting the door open, and seeking protection from the family.

The perils and trials of early life in the woods cannot be fully understood by persons at the present day—but incidents in the life of Mrs. Bacon, the female Boone of Northfield, will convey a slight idea of them.

One day while Mr. Bacon was absent from home, a company of Indians went into the house and called for fire-water. Mrs. Bacon denied having any in the house. The Indians went to a cupboard, where a bottle of it was kept, and on her attempting to oppose them they drew their knives, and compelled her to give up the whisky.

At another time a suspicious looking man called in about the middle of the day, and enquired for Mr. Bacon—and when she expected him home—how far it was to the nearest neighbor, and if she was not afraid to stay alone? She replied her husband would be at home the next day—and that she was not afraid while she had that trusty old friend (pointing to a large dog lying on the hearth, with his eyes on the stranger). He remained until it was getting near night, and she told him as she had no accommodations for keeping strangers, he had better be going, as it was several miles to any house. He, however, hung round till about dark, when he asked one of the little boys to turn the grind-stone for him to sharpen his knife—showing an instrument similar to an Indian scalping knife. Mrs. B. now began to prepare for evil—and took her position in one corner, while the stranger sat in the other, and the dog took his post between them. In this manner they sat without exchanging a word till near midnight, when he asked her why she sat up so late, and then asked her why she did not turn that dog out of doors? She told him the dog always slept in the house when his master was gone. He then ordered her to turn him out, when she opened the door and told the dog to go out. The dog looked up and wagged his tail,

but would not go. She spoke to him again, when he growled, but kept his position. The stranger then got up and ordered him out, but the dog rose up and growled defiance at him. The stranger, seeing he was an ugly customer to handle was glad to resume his station, and the dog took his. In this manner the group remained till morning, when the stranger left.

In 1808 Bacon lost an infant daughter, which was the first death of a white person, in the township. Zina Post of Hudson, and Noble of Tinker's creek, the only neighbors, came and buried the dead.

Having lived thus solitary and alone for four years, their solitude was relieved, in June 1810, by the arrival of Jeremiah Cranmer, a brother of Mrs. Bacon, who settled on Lot 72 and built a cabin half a mile from Bacon's.

In 1812, soon after the surrender of Hull, news came that the British had landed at Cleveland and were going to march through the country. Noble, Bacon, and Cranmer, resolved to remove their families to Hudson. The families got together at Bacon's and began to load their furniture on to their wagons, while Bacon started for Cleveland to ascertain the truth of the report.

While loading the wagons an Indian was seen skulking round the woods, when Cranmer advised him to be off as his scalp would be the forfeit if he was found there an hour later. As he was never afterwards heard from it is very doubtful whether he got out of the township.

The wagons were loaded with such articles as they could carry, and the balance buried in the earth. The teams, and families started and got about three miles towards Hudson, when Bacon returned and overtook them, with the intelligence that it was the American prisoners, surrendered by Hull, that the British had landed at Cleveland. The teams then returned to Northfield.

Soon after the surrender of Hull a draft was made for militia to protect the frontier from the expected attack of British and Indians. Bacon was drafted, and in September ordered to Cleveland, where he was soon after discharged and returned home. Soon after his return he was taken sick, and on the sixth of November 1812, he died, and was buried on the top of Tinker's creek hill, near where George Comstock formerly lived.

In the Spring of 1813 Abraham Cranmer came into the township, and purchased the North half of Lot 72, and formed a permanent settlement.

In June 1813 Henry Wood married Esther Cranmer, a daughter of Jeremiah Cranmer, being the first couple married in the township.

In 1814 George Wallace, of Cleveland, built a sawmill at Brandywine, in the North part of Boston, a few rods from the town line. The mill tract has since been added to and now forms a part of Northfield. In 1814 Wallace built a grist-mill, at the same place—and in the fall of that year he built a distillery, half a mile Northwest of the mill, which like other shrubs of that genus, budded, blossomed and brought forth the fruit of intemperance in abundance.

In the winter of 1815–16, Wallace brought on an assortment of dry goods, and established a store in his mill.

In March 1817 Henry Wood, John Duncan, Morris Cranmer, and several other families moved into the township, and located in different parts of it. In the fall of 1818 George Wallace moved into the township and settled on lot 60 near his mill.

The township was organized in 1821; previously to which Boston and Northfield composed an election district, holding elections, musters, and other public meetings at Brandywine. At the first election in Northfield, George Wallace was elected Justice of the Peace, which office he held for many years. At the first election it took every qualified inhabitant of the township to fill the offices.

In July 1826 one of those singular affairs occurred in this township which has a rival only in the celebrated case of the Bournes in Vermont. An Englishman by the name of Rupert Charlesworth who was boarding with Dorsey W. Viers, suddenly and strangely disappeared. He was traced to Viers' house the night of the 23d of July, and a constable, who went on the morning of the 24th, before daylight, to arrest him, found he was gone, and no trace of him could be found. On his arrival he found Mrs. Viers moping up the floor. Viers told contradictory stories about his leaving—once saying he jumped out of the window and

run, and that he tried to catch him, but could not. At another time that he went off when Viers was asleep, and he knew nothing about it. Some one heard a rifle in the direction of the house of Viers that night—and some one saw blood, the next morning on some bars that led from Viers' house to the woods.

Years rolled on, and the excitement grew stronger with age, till, on the 8th of January 1831 complaint was made before George Y. Wallace, Justice of the Peace, that Viers had murdered Charlesworth. Viers was arrested and a trial of eight days followed. Not only the circumstances I have mentioned were proven, but also, by a hired girl of Viers, that a bed blanket, used by Charlesworth, was missing from the house of Viers on the day of Charlesworth's disappearance, and that it was afterwards found hid under a hay stack, with large black spots on it resembling clotted blood.

It was also proven that Charlesworth had a large amount of money, and that Viers was, previously to this, poor, but, immediately afterwards, flush of money—and to complete the chain of proof—a skeleton had been found hid under a log in the woods, in the direction of the path from Viers' house to the bars.

Matters stood in this shape when two men unexpectedly appeared from Sandusky, who swore they had seen Charlesworth alive, though passing under an assumed name, after the time of the supposed murder. On this testimony Viers was acquitted, but his acquittal did not change public sentiment as to his guilt. It was generally believed that it was only adding perjury to murder.

Viers commenced a search for the missing man, with a perseverance that would have done honor to a blood hound. He visited all parts of the Union, and after a search of years he went into a Tavern in Detroit, and in presence of a large company, in the Bar-room enquired if any one knew of a man by the name of Charlesworth. All replied no. When about to leave, a man stepped up to him and taking him one side enquired if his name was Viers, from Northfield Viers said it was. The stranger said. I am Rupert Charlesworth—but I pass here under an assumed name.—Charlesworth returned to Northfield with Viers and on a full

meeting of the town, and a thorough investigation, it was, with one exception, the unanimous vote that he was the veritable murdered man.

It appears that he had passed a counterfeit $10 bill to Deacon Hudson, and fearing an arrest (to make which the constable went in the morning) he ran away—went to England and remained two years—returned under an assumed name and went into the wilds of Michigan, where his real name, former residence and history were unknown.

A more tragic affair occured in this town, on the 24th of July 1837. On the night of that day some person, or persons entered the house of Robert McKisson, a respectable citizen of the town, and with a common axe, struck Mrs. McKisson as she lay in a bed, with the edge of the axe splitting, or rather hewing the right side of her head nearly off, and leaving the brains entirely exposed. Lucinda Croninger, a daughter of Mrs. McKisson by a former husband, lying in an adjoining bed, raised up and screamed, when she was knocked down, senseless, with the head of the axe. The alarm was given by some of the other members of the family, and the neighbors collected to witness the remains of the tragedy. Mrs. McKisson lived long enough to tell them the deed was done by Samuel McKisson, the father of Robert. This was the dying declaration of the murdered woman, and the testimony of the daughter on trial. The old man was arrested that night at his own house.

Suspicions immediately attached to David McKisson, a brother of Robert, who was paying his addresses to the daughter, but who had been refused admission to the house by the mother.—He had been lurking round for several days, during which he had several interviews with Miss Croninger, in one of which they exchanged rings.

A few minutes after the murder, a person was heard running past a house from the direction of the murder towards the canal! —the next morning, at day-light he was seen about three miles from the place, on the canal, getting a passage to Cleveland.—He was arrested a few days after, on the Government works, at the mouth of Maumee Bay, with the blood still on his shirt sleeves.

They were both indicated for the murder, at the September term 1837, and tried. The old man was acquitted. David was convicted of murder in the first degree, and on the ninth of February 1838 was executed at Ravenna.

This was the second execution in Portage county. Henry Unkks having been hung, at the same place, in 1816—and humanity would hope it might be the last. Besides its uselessness, and inhumanity, it seems like mighty small business for all the officers of the law, with a Regiment of Militia, to be engaged in killing one poor mortal, and even he with his hands and feet tied. The ridiculous contrast exhibited on such occasions strikes every refined mind with disgust. While the officers of the law are killing him, because he is unfit to live in this wicked world, the ministers of religion are fitting him, and usually give him a pass from the gallows to the immediate society of angels and the spirits of the Just, in Heaven !!

NORTHAMPTON.

This township, originally called Town 3, Range 11, being in the third line of townships North of 41°, North, and in the eleventh range of townships West of the Pennsylvania line, was originally an equalizing township. To understand this fully, it will be necessary to refer to the origin and circumstances attending the early history of the Western Reserve.

The State of Connecticut claimed, under an old grant of Charles of England, a large part of the territory now embraced within the limits of Ohio. In September, 1783, she relinquished to the United States all of her claim, except to that portion included between the Western boundary of Pennsylvania and a line one hundred and twenty miles west of said boundary, and the 41st degree of North latitude on the South to the parallel of 42° 2′ on the North. This tract was divided into townships of five miles square, and designated by numbers and ranges. The townships were to be numbered from South to North, commencing on the latitude of 41° North as a base; and the ranges were to be distinguished by progressive numbers Westward, the first range resting upon the Western boundary of Pennsylvania as a base line. In counting ranges, then, we begin on the Western line of Pennsylvania and count 120 miles w. In counting townships begin on the line of 41° North, being the South line of the Reserve, and count North to latitude 42° 2′. There being then, ten townships of five miles, or fifty miles between the Western boundary of Pennsylvania and Northampton, that is called range 11; and there being two townships (Coventry and Portage) between the latitude of 41° North and Northampton, that is called range three.

By the treaty of Fort McIntosh, in 1785, all of said territory East of the Cuyahoga, was ceded by the Indians to the United

States. By the treaty of Fort Industry, in 1805, the balance of the territory which lay West of the Cuyahoga, was also ceded to the United States. In May, 1801, the State of Connecticut ceded to the United States her claim of jurisdiction over said territory, and the President of the United States, by patent, conveyed the fee of said land to the Governor for the use of the grantees of that State.

This tract the State of Connecticut, as I have before stated, sold to the Connecticut Land Company. It fell a trifle short of 4,000,000 of acres, for which said company agreed to pay $1,200,000. The amount was divided into 400 shares of $3,000 each. Any one paying in an amount received a certificate entitling him to the same proportion of the whole Reserve that his payment bore to $1,200,000.

On receiving the title from the State of Connecticut, the stockholders in the Connecticut Land Company conveyed it to Jonathan Brace, John Caldwell and John Morgan, to hold in trust for the proprietors; and singular as it may appear, the three lived until they had sold or disposed of all the land and closed their trust. John Morgan is still living in the city of New York.

The certificates were all numbered, and then the numbers drawn in the same manner as a lottery, each holder of a certificate drawing an amount of land proportioned to the 4,000,000 acres as his payment was to $1,200,000.

Each proprietor thus drew a township or a fraction of a township, according to the amount of his interest. Thus some townships became the exclusive property of an individual, others became the property of various owners. In this manner each individual got his proportion of land in severalty, and located; the book in which an account of these drawings was kept, called "the Book of Drafts," being the foundation of all our titles on the Reserve. But singular as it may appear, this "Book of Drafts," which is the basis of all our land titles, is not recognized as legal evidence; and of so little importance was it deemed, that on enquiry a few years ago, at the office of Secretary of State in Hartford, it could not be found; and when it was, after a long search, discovered, it was found among old waste paper in the upper loft of an old ware house on the Connecticut river.

Although these drafts located the land and gave to each his quantity of acres, a great diversity, of course, existed in the value on account of quality and location. To equalize them all of an average value, certain towns were set apart called "Equalizing Townships," which were cut into strips of various sizes, and portions attached to different townships. Thus Jacob Welch drew township six in range seven, now known as Troy, in Geauga county. The Cuyahoga river running through it, and causing much swampy ground, the tract in lot six in Portage township, known as the 'Welch Tract,' was added to town six in range seven, to make it equal to the average townships on the Reserve.

Northampton was one of these equalizing townships, and being the child of many fathers, seldom felt a father's care. Tallmadge, and other townships that were owned by a single individual, felt the influence of their regard; but as no one owned more than a strip of Northampton, and that of little value, it had but little fostering care, and thus came to maturity by its own unaided efforts.

To this circumstance may be attributed the fact that land titles are more complex in that township, perhaps, than in any other in the county. The original owners seldom took the trouble to look up their land, or pay the taxes. Tax sales followed upon tax sales, until, in the investigation of them, darkness became sensible to the touch.

Another circumstance that retarded its growth was the fact that it was very broken and apparently a thin clay soil, unpromising in appearance and almost repulsive in the cultivation. "The Northampton hills" were proverbial for sterility and number; but a hardy set of farmers, if they have not converted the hills into vallies, have changed the barren wilderness into productive fields.

Another cause that retards the growth of Northampton was that some of the most warlike tribes of Indians on the Reserve lived within the bounds of what is now Northampton. Between them and the whites a spirit of hostility existed, that wanted only an opportunity to show itself in actions. This continued down to the war of 1812, when this township may be said to be free, for the first time, from Indian alarms.

The stationing of Gen. Wadsworth at the Old Portage, with an army, first gave the inhabitants entire repose.

The Revolutionary and Indian wars had propogated a spirit of hostility between the whites and Indians that seemed to know no bounds. it had in fact, produced among the whites, a race that seemed to be distinct from all others, known as "Indian hunters." The rifle was their constant companion, the wilderness their pleasure ground, the murder of the Indians their occupation. Toil was endured, hunger suffered, privations courted to gratify their one insatiable desire for the destruction of the Indians. High on the line of this race was Captain Samuel Brady, of Chartier creek, Pennsylvania. He raised a company of those daring spirits, who were known as "Brady's rangers," whose sole occupation was to traverse the Northern part of Ohio, and destroy what they called the "red skins."

As I remarked on a former occasion, the Cuyahoga river, Portage Path and Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum, were originally the boundary between the Six Nations and the Western Indians. The Onondagas, Oneidas, Mohawks and others of the Six Nations resided in the territory East of the Cuyahoga until the difficulty with Diver in 1806. There was, on the first settlement of the country, an Indian trail, commencing at Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of Big Beaver, and running from thence West through Portage county, crossing the Cuyahoga in Franklin, at what is called the Standing Rock, thence West to Northampton in Summit county, where there was a settlement of Indians, thence to Sandusky and Detroit. This trail was the great Indian thoroughfare from Detroit to the Ohio river. On it were also continually passing large parties of Indians, and it became, of course, the favorite hunting ground of these Western Nimrods. The Indians were as ready as they, for the encounter, and a war of extermination commenced. In 1780 a large party of warriors from the villages on the Cuyahoga had crossed the Ohio and made an incursion into the white settlements, murdering several families and taking away a large amount of plunder.

Brady called together his band and started in pursuit. He led on his men, guided more by courage than discretion, until he

entered the Indian village on the Cuyahoga river, in what is now Northampton. The Indians expecting pursuit, were prepared for him, and with numbers four times his own, attacked him on all sides, and, with his followers, he was put to a perfect route. The retreat became a flight, and every man was for himself. The Indians singled out Brady, and leaving all the rest, a chase commenced for him, which continued without interruption till he arrived at the Cuyahoga river in Franklin, just North of the present location of the bridge on the road leading to Ravenna. The Indians had extended their lines so as to hem him in, and with loud shouts of triumph, thought their prisoner safe. The river was here bounded on each side by perpendicular rocks, the chasm being 22 feet wide Brady, on reaching the river, gave a bound that despair on one side and hope on the other alone could have effected, and clearing the abyss, he gained the opposite bank.

Although Northampton thus early became a celebrated resort for war parties of both whites and Indians, yet little was known of it by the whites, until 1802. Although it was within the acknowledged limits of the United States, by the treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1785, yet the Indians were in the actual possession until they fled the country in 1806, after the tragic affair of Deerfield.

In June, 1802, Simeon Prior, of Norwich, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, exchanged his farm there for 400 acres of land in what was then a wilderness, known only as the "Connecticut Western Reserve," or "New Connecticut," but in that part of it known now as Northampton, in Summit county. He was born in Norwich, New London county, Connecticut, in 1753, and while yet a young man, moved to Norwich, in Massachusetts, where he married Katherine Wright. They lived in that town until their children numbered eleven, when, thinking they would require more room than that place afforded, they concluded to emigrate to the far west. He left Massachusetts in June, went to Schenectady, New York, where he purchased a boat of three tons burden and started up the Mohawk, then down Wood creek to Oneida lake, through the lake to Oswego river, down that to Oswego, up lake Ontario and Niagara river, and finally reached Hudson, in this county, where Deacon Hudson, two years before, began a settlement. Here he remained until he hunted up his

land, built a log house on it, and in August, 1823, moved the first white family into Northampton. The first house erected was one mile from the East line of the town, and central North and South. The spot is now covered with fruit trees brought in 1802 from Massachusetts. It is on Lot 25, East half. Gurdon Prior now lives on the lot, about 20 rods North of the old location. Their nearest neighbor was five miles distant.

This pioneer, Simeon Prior, was a Revolutionary soldier, of the Old Bay State Line, and died in 1837, aged 84—his wife died in 1838, aged 74. They are buried in the Northwest corner of the Northampton grave yard, where an unpretending stone marks their resting place.

In 1806, Aaron Norton, afterwards one of the Judges of the county and Wiley Hamilton erected a gristmill near the place where French & Prior's mills now are, and as soon as it started, as the next most necessary article, according to the ideas of necessity in those days, they erected a distillery, which like Aaron's rod, budded, blossomed, and brought forth fruit in a day. Seth Webster, from Blanford, in Massachusetts, the millwright, having finished his job, started for home in company with a negro, taking with them a gallon of whisky. They traveled thirty miles, and having drank up the whisky, Webster gave out, when the negro robbed him of all he had, and left him to perish in the snow. He was found and brought back to Northampton and buried—being the first white man buried in that town.

Of the eleven children that came into the town in 1802, all are yet alive but two, and these died as late as 1846 and '47.

Few towns can boast of as much health, and few families of as great longevity.

In 1809 the town had become so populous as to require a school, and Justus Remington, now living in Newburgh, Cuyahoga county, opened one "to teach the young ideas how to shoot," for most of the boys, having had no opportunity of schooling, knew far better how to shoot a bear than an idea.—Justice, too required some attention, and our venerable townsman, Joshua King, one of the pioneers of Akron, was elected and installed the first Justice of the Peace in Northampton.

In the fall of 1804, William Prior, one of the eleven children of Simeon, who is now living in Northampton, in a green and vigorous old age, and to whom I am greatly indebted for many facts, cut out the road from the North line of the township to Old Portage, which was then looked upon, in this country, like Wilmot's Grocery—"the center of creation." Prior carried the provisions and baggage for the surveyors as they run out Tall-made, and used as a baggage wagon, a mule that came to his father's from the woods, but was afterwards found to belong to a Mr. Phelps of Warren, who had ridden it to Sandusky from whence it had strayed.

The Indians, at the commencement of the settlement were very plenty, the boundary between them and the whites being the West line of the township. When sober, they were generally friendly, if *chemokerman skano quashigun wes*—that is, if white men would give them bread and meat. There were some, however, who were ugly, and as proud of boasting of the number of pale faces they had killed, as were the "Indian hunters" of the number of "red skins" they had slain. Of this number was one called Indian Willson. He was notorious for drunkenness, boasting and threatening—constantly hanging round the distillery, and was a curse to the settlement.

There was an old Indian hunter living in Northampton at the time, by the name of Jonathan Williams, who was brought up at what was called Indian Wheeling. He could neither read nor write. He used to say he could have had an education, but the school house was too dry for him. The only lesson he had learned till he had it by heart, was to love his rifle and hate an Indian.

Indian Willson had been, one day, to Heman Oviatt's, in Hudson, and got *squably*, or *cockazy*, as the Indians called it, and on his way back to Northampton went into a house where he found the woman and two little children alone. He seized them by the hair, flourished his scalping knife as if intending to take their scalps, and, after frigtening them to his satisfaction, left. Soon after, Williams, with his trusty rifle, entered, and on hearing the woman's story, pursued after the Indian—who came up missing, as he was never seen or heard of more in Northampton.

Williams said, some years after, if they wanted to know where

Willson was, he could tell them where he last saw him, and they could find his bones and rifle in Mud-brook, for he put them in there and trampled them down well. The traveller can see the burial place of Indian Willson when he crosses the stream North of where Orrin Gilbert used to live, in Stow, at what is called the Green house.

This Williams was the person who shot Nicksaw when the company of Maj. Rogers overtook John Mohawk and his party in Boston, after they shot Diver.

Another Indian of the same character with Willson, lived down on Sugar creek, in this township, who often boasted of his exploits in killing the pale faces. He had a large number of notches cut in the handle of his tomahawk, which he said told the number he had killed. One day this Indian, being a little *squabby*, came into a house where Williams was, and said he had killed so many pale faces, pointing to the marks on his tomahawk, of which there were 99—but he was not yet satisfied, and he should kill one more. The Indian soon after left, and was never again heard of. Williams use to say, significantly, he will never make the hundredth notch on his tomahawk.

But death, at last, paid Williams in his own coin, and shot him.

He appeared to inherit the habits and disposition of the savage, in dress, living and temper. His second wife is now living in Northampton. His first wife was a Cackler, a brother of hers now lives in Franklin, Portage county. Williams has a son living in Northampton, who is a quiet respectable man, not seeming to inherit his father's love for border warfar, or hatred of the Indians.

The Indians inhabiting the towns on the Cuyahoga in what is now Northampton, were Tawas or Otaways—on the opposite bank of the river was a Mingo town, inhabited by a part of the tribe of Logan, the Mingo chief.

Among the Tawas was a celebrated chief, called Stigwanish by the Indians, and Seneca, by the whites. He was a fine speciman of a man; tall, dignified and of pleasing address. In his youth he had been addicted to intemperance, and in one of his drunken frolics he had attempted to kill his squaw, but missing her head, he sunk his tomahawk into the head of his favorite pappoose, who

was lashed to her back. This had such an effect on Seneca that he would never drink any ardent spirits, and wine and cider but sparingly. He professed to be a great friend to the whites, and so far succeeded in impressing them with that idea that they built him a block house on the river to secure him from his enemies.—Mr. Barr, of Cleveland, in his unpublished manuscript, has adopted the belief that he was the friend of the Americans and probably fell a martyr to his fidelity. He says:

"The last time I saw Seneca—the fine old fellow—was at Judge Walsworth's in Cleveland, a short time before hostilities commenced with Great Britain. He expressed to me a fear that war was inevitable, and that the Indians, instigated by the British, would overwhelm our weak settlements, but gave the strongest assurances that if it should be possible he would give us seasonable notice. If he was not prevented by age or infirmities from redeeming his pledge, he was probably killed by his own people, while endeavoring to leave their lines, or by some of ours through a mistake of his character.

From a manuscript of William Prior now before me, it appears that Mr. Barr was wholly mistaken in the character of Seneca.—Mr. Prior says:

"I have been in his wigwam. He was fat and sleek, and had two as neat squaws, for wives, as I ever saw. He appeared civil and friendly, when here, but I have been told by a person who knew him, that he saw him in Detroit, after Hull's surrender, dressed from head to foot in a British uniform, with two swords dangling by his side."

From this it seems with all his pretensions of friendship for the Americans, he, with the other Indians on the Cuyahoga, joined the British on the breaking out of the war of 1812, and subsequently adhered to their cause.

But five of them were ever known to return after the war.—Those five formed a camp at the upper rapids of the Cuyahoga, where Captain D. Mills, of Nelson, Portage county, with his Indian hunters, discovered them and firing upon them in the night, killed four out of the five. The survivor made his escape, and was "the last of the Tawas" on the Cuyahoga.

RICHFIELD.

By the Treaty of Fort McIntosh, in 1785, the Cuyahoga, Portage Path, and Tuscarawas were the western boundary of the United States. This was confirmed by what is called Wayne's Treaty, made at Greenville, August 3d, 1795, in which the chiefs of twelve tribes were present, and ratified it. The land on the west side of the Cuyahoga was not purchased till 1805, when the United States acquired it by the treaty of Fort Industry, on the Maumee. This Fort was on the land of a Wyandot chief by the name of Ogonst, who, with his tribe hunted on the grounds between the Maumee and Cuyahoga in connection with the Miamies, Pottawatomies, Delawares, Shawnese, Chippeways, Ottaways, and Senecas. There was also a small band of Mingoes on the west bank of the Cuyahoga, being a part of the Cayugas, but formed a distinct band.

Richfield being Town four, in range twelve, is consequently west of the Cuyahoga, and became a part of the United States by the Treaty of Fort Industry in 1805, or by what was known in those days, as "the new purchase." On the conveyance of "the Western Reserve" to the State of Connecticut, and by the State of Connecticut to "the Connecticut Land Company," Richfield in "*the Drafts*," fell to four proprietors. Benjamin Tallmadge drew the N. W. quarter—Capt. Smith the S. W. quarter,—a family by the name of Green the S. E. quarter, and Uriel Holmes the N. E. quarter—the township containing 16,000 acres. In 1811 Capt. Heman Oviatt purchased the N. W. quarter of the Township of Col. Tallmadge, for $5000.

Capt. Oviatt was a native of Goshen, Litchfield County, Connecticut; and being possessed of an active, enterprising spirit,

he formed the resolution of emigrating to the far west. He accordingly left his native town, in April, 1800, and started for what was then a *terra incognita*—the unknown west. On arriving at Bloomfield, in the State of New York, he found David Hudson preparing boats, and provisions for a voyage to Ohio. They agreed to keep company, and having made the necessary preparations, they left Gerandequat Bay, on lake Ontario, for the far west, in open boats. They, of course had too keep along shore and take advantage of favorable winds. As their history and adventures belong more properly to Hudson, I shall only say in regard to their voyage, that they arrived safely in Hudson, located their land, and got shelters prepared for their families. In the fall of that year Capt. Oviatt returned to Goshen, and on the 17th of January following, left there, with his family, and returned to Ohio, where they arrived on the 22d of March 1801—being two months and three days in performing a journey that can now be performed in less than the three days.

In 1811 he returned to Connecticut, and in an interview with Col. Tallmadge, the Colonel expressed great fears of a war with England, and that a consequence would be the loss of our western territory. Capt. Oviatt inquired what he would take for his lands, when the Colonel offered them for $1,25 per acre. Capt. Oviatt agreed to give it, and thus became the owner of one fourth of the Township. He subsequently took his father and brother Nathaniel, into company in the speculation, and in the fall of that year Nathaniel moved on to the land.

Captain Oviatt continued to reside in Hudson till 1836 when he removed into Richfield, where he now resides.

The real centre of the Town is at what is called the east centre—but John Newton, who had purchased most of the land about the centre, refusing to sell on terms that induced people to buy, they started another centre about half a mile west, now known as the west centre. This unfortunate division of the centre, has built up two rival villages, which, instead of aiding each other have a tendency to put each other down.

The eastern part of the Township, verging toward the river, is very hilly, diversified with deep "gulls," and almost perpendic-

ular banks. The western part is not so hilly but the whole may be called rolling.

From a slight geological examination I am satisfied the eastern part is rich in iron ore, and the whole underlaid with *fossil shell limestone.* Such I found to be the case in the same range of hills in Bath, and I belive it to be so in Richfield.

The surface is particularly adapted to grazing—the western part for cattle—the eastern part for sheep; and no township in the county, perhaps, has turned its attention more to this subject, or succeeded better.

The township is also noted, not only in this county, but throughout the State, for its excellent fruit, for which it is indebted to James W. Weld, Esq., who was, and still is devoting his attention to the production of the choicest kinds. The hills in this township are peculiarly adapted to the production of fruit, particularly the apple and grape; and the soil also produces wheat, corn, and oats, but is better adapted to grass.

The first settler in Richfield was a man by the name of Robert Mays, who came from Pennsylvania, in 1810, and settled on the farm now owned by the widow of John Bigelow, in the S. W. part of the town. He was the counterpart of Daniel Boone, and hated civilization and the Yankees. His wife who is now living in Hinckley, in Medina county, used to say she had rather eat raw potatoes boiled in fresh water than live among the Yankees. Mays sold out to John Bigelow, and prepared to leave the intruding Yankees, but death arrested his progress, and destroyed his fond hopes of a wilderness life.

The first pleasure party fitted out from Richfield was to the Ayres settlement in this township—where they had for their entertainment, raw turnips, scraped or whole, according as the taste of each visiter might suggest. Mays had a daughter, Mary, who, by the bye, was the wit as well as the belle of Richfield. As was the custom of those days, when there were no roads, nor the means of conveyance if there had been, Mary Mays took her shoes in her hand, and walked, barefooted, from Richfield to the party. As they were partaking of their pastoral supper of raw turnips, which, had much the flavor of horse rad-

ish, Mary remarked that the turnips were small but strong enough to carry double.

Mays had a son, John, who was as noted as a pugilist, as Mary was for a wit. He committed the first assault and battery in the town by beating Nathaniel Oviatt, for which he was prosecuted before Leeman Farnum, Esq., who was the first Justice. This was the first assault and battery, and was the first trial before the first Justice in the town.

An associate of old Mays was Abner Robinson, who, as well as Mays, was deemed a poet. Mays and Robinson had preserved the characters of most of their neighbors in immortal verse, and though the poetry was not always the sweetest there was generally some point to the moral. Wild honey being plenty in those days, metheglin was a favorite beverage. There was a man residing, at the time, near where Jonny Cake lock is now located, by the name of Jacob Morter, whose character for honesty did not stand very fair. On a certain occasion, when they had been drinking pretty freely of metheglin, Morter says, to Mays and Robinson, if you will make some poetry on me I will give you a gallon of metheglin—upon which Robinson responded *impromptu:*

Abner Robinson, and Bob Mays,
They think they're worthy of great praise,
For what a neighbor does, that's wrong,
Like two d—d fools, they'll tell in song.

Thus, Jacob Morter, as 'tis said,
Steals all the corn that makes his bread,
And while his neighbors are asleep
The paltry scoundrel steals their sheep.

Morter paid the metheglin, but it is said Robinson and Mays relished the metheglin far better than Morter did the poetry.

The second family that moved into the township was Henry Mallett. He settled in the S. E. part of the township, on the lot now owned by Richard Sweet. Mallett had two brothers, John and Daniel, who, as well as himself were in favor of a hard currency. They accordingly erected a mint, on a point of land, ever since known as "the money shop," just over the line in Northampton, and about a quarter of a mile from Jonathan Hale's, in

Bath, where they manufactured "*the hard*" currency to order.

This drew around the settlement a set of visiters that added any thing but respectability, to the place; and the inhabitants determined, if possible to get rid of them. They accordingly called a council at "the money shop," in the absence of the workmen, when it was moved, and carried to tear down the mint. Jonathan Hale, who dissented so far as to refuse to aid in the work, turned his back to the building, when he heard a fire brand whiz, whiz, and on looking toward the money shop the next morning he saw a smouldering heap of ruins. The remains of the old forge are still to be seen, though the site of the building is now overgrown with trees. Notwithstanding the destruction of his mint, Mallet continued "tinkering with the currency," until he was finally "*taken into the employ of the State*," and he died at Columbus.

In 1811 John Farnum, from Cornwall, Litchfield county, Connecticut, came into the township, and purchased 1200 acres in the North part of the town, embracing the land now owned by Everet Farnum. Hostilities had already commenced between the whites, and Indians, by the battle of Tippecanoe, and although the Indians, on the receipt of the news of that, to them, disastrous fight, had fled from the township, they had carried with them an embittered hostility to the whites. Farnum accordingly prepared for the worst by erecting a kind of block house, and redoubt, to protect himself and family from the Indians. The house erected by Farnum was about a hundred rods East of the one now occupied by Everet Farnum, where he resided during the war of 1812, with his family, whom he moved into the town in the fall of that year.

Leeman Farnum, a son of John, was elected the first Justice of the Peace in the township, in April, 1816. He taught the first school in the town, being a Sunday school, in which he taught all the branches of a common school education. "It was not then known," says Everett Farnum, from whom this fact was obtained, "to be wicked to teach reading, writing and arithmetic on Sunday."

In the fall of 1811 Jared Barnes, from Virginia, and Benaj

Paine, Jason Philips, and Denton E. Buck from the State of New York, moved into the township. Buck erected the first grist mill in Richfield, which consisted of a large oak stump, hollowed out on the top, with a pestle, worked by a spring pole. This, for a long time, was the "Town Mill," the remains of which are still to be seen.

In 1820 the people being without a stated preacher, met in town council, to elect a person "to lead in meeting." The candidates were Bradford Sturdevant, and Elijah Ellsworth. On a full and animated canvass, Ellsworth was declared duly elected, "to hold his office during good behaviour." As he was somewhat addicted to swearing he agreed to abandon the practice so long as he held the office of "conductor of meetings." He has fulfilled his engagement, and more than answered the expectations of his friends. The conscientious discharge of the duties of this office gave him a claim on the affections of the people, and he was elected the first "train band captain" in the town, and finally rose to the post of colonel.

The inhabitants, being mostly Yankees, brought the love of good society, and education with them; the consequence is schools are located in all parts of the Township; and in the winter of 1835, the Legislature chartered an Academy which is located about midway between the "two centres," and maintains an honorable rank as a literary institution.

The town was organized in 1816, and then included Bath, Hinckley, and in fact extended west to an indefinite distance. Two years after the organization of the township they settled the Rev. Mr. Shaler, who was the first settled preacher in the town. The fact that he continues at his post to the present time, shows that he has a hold on the affections of the people that time cannot destroy.

The Indians inhabiting this township were Wyandots, and Ottaways, who, on the retreat of Capt. George, after the battle of Tippecanoe, entirely abandoned the township. After the conclusion of the war of 1812 a party of fifteen or twenty returned to their former homes, but they were strangers in the land of their birth. They asked permission of those holding their former

homes and land, to erect huts to protect their families, while they were hunting; and by their subdued and dejected manner, acknowledged the supremacy of the whites.

While encamped on Farnum's land some of the young Indians stole some green corn, but the old Indians made them return it and ask Farnum to punish them. Such was the honesty of the unenlightened savages; but the whites stole their horses, and by continued depredations on their property compelled them to leave the township.

This township appears to have been a favorite residence of the Indians, who resorted to it for hunting, and making sugar; and maples have been cut in the township with a growth of two hundred grains outside of, and over the boxing of the Indians for the purpose of procuring sap.

Nicksaw, who was with John Mohawk, when he shot Diver, in Deerfield, in 1806, was killed by the party of Maj. Rogers, on lot eight, in the N. W. corner of this township, near where Heman Oviatt Jr. now lives. The Indians were discovered at Ponty's camp on the north line of Boston, but they fled on the appearance of the whites, and had got thus far, when the rifle, and deadly aim of Jonathan Williams laid poor old Nicksaw in the dust. He was a friendly old Indian, and nothing but a love of barbarity for an Indian, because he was an Indian, could have induced a white man to kill him. His squaw, with a papoose on her back, was with him when he was killed. She hid her papoose in a hollow log, and made her escape. On her return, a few days after, to bury her husband, she found her papoose in the hollow log, in fine condition.

The Indians buried Nicksaw on the ground where he fell, and, according to their custom, raised a mound over him to commemorate the place and circumstances of his death. His grave is yet to be seen.

The little party that returned after the war of 1812, were the last Indians seen in Richfield. Before leaving the township, on being asked why they were going to leave, one of the old chiefs raised himself to his full height, and with an eye flashing with a sense of injuries, but subdued by circumstances, replied:—

"I am one of the embers of an almost extinguished race. My grave will soon be my habitation. The winds of three score years and ten have whistled through my branches, and the Great Spirit is calling me to the Spirit land.

My people are like the scattered stalks that remain in the field when the tempest has passed over it.

The Great Spirit ordained us for the forest, and our habitation is the shade. We pursue the deer for our subsistence, but they are disappearing before the pale faces, and the red man must starve or leave the graves of his fathers, and make his bed with the setting sun."

Thus ended the once powerful race of Indians in Richfield.

STOW,

Which is Township three, in Range ten, in the Partition of the Connecticut Land Company, fell to the share of Joshua Stow, of Middletown, Connecticut—from whom it takes its name.

In looking over the names of the proprietors of Middletown, taken in 1670, we find Thomas Stow, Samuel Stow, and John Stow—Thomas Wetmore—George Hubbard, Joseph Hubbard, and Thomas Hubbard; Mr. Hamlin, Edward Turner, Thomas Miller, William Chenney, and John Wilcox, who were the ancestors of some of the principal families in Stow. Joshua Stow the proprietor of the Township, was one of the first exploring party on the Western Reserve, which landed at Conneaut, July 4, 1796, where they celebrated our nation's independence, being the first celebration of the kind on the Reserve.

Of this party, consisting of forty-five men, two women and one child, Mr. Stow was Commissary, and for his accommodation they erected a large store house, which they named "Stow Castle."

In 1799, Joseph Darrow came on to the Reserve with David Hudson, and settled in what is now called Hudson, where he resided till June 1804, when Mr. Stow came on from Mdidletown to make a permanent location in his township. He employed Mr. Darrow to survey out his township into lots, which he did in the course of the season. In July, 1802, William Walker, from Virginia, came into the township, and built a cabin in the North East part of lot 89, where his descendants yet reside. His brother Robert came on with him, and is still living at the age of eighty-four years. Their sister, widow Joshua Stewart, came on with them, and is still living. In July, 1804, William Wetmore, and Gregory Powers came on with their families, from Middletown, and stopped in Hudson till they could erect shanties on

their land in Stow. Wetmore (or Judge Wetmore as he is more properly called) built the second house in the township which was about 20 rods easterly from the North West corner of lot 86 —on which Gen. Gross' tavern stands; on the South East corner of the same lot, some time in the month of July, Judge Wetmore, having completed his shantee moved his family into it.

Gregory Powers (or Captain Powers as he was called) built his shantee on the South East corner of lot 85, on what is now called the Dunbar farm, and moved into it in August of the same year. Judge Stow having appointed Judge Wetmore his agent, returned to Connecticut.

In April 1803, Joseph Darrow married Sally Prior, of Northampton, being the first couple married in that township; and in September 1804, he purchased lot 86 in Stow, on which he erected a house, where he still resides at the good old age of three score and seventeen. He was born at Lebanon Springs, New York, in 1774.

In April, 1806, George Darrow, the father of Joseph Darrow, came to Stow, with his family. He built a frame barn, 28 by 36 feet, which was the first frame building erected in the township. He died the 20th of November, 1809—being the third person that died in the township; Elizabeth Gaylord having died the same year, but a little while before.

In 1805, emigration into the township became quite common, and it began to assume the appearance of civilization. In February 1807, the wife of Gregory Powers died at the birth of her son William; being the second birth and first death in the township. She was the first person buried in Darrow Street Graveyard. Mary Campbell, daughter of John Campbell, and now the wife of Orrin Burdick, was the first white child born in Stow.

In 1808 the township was organized, and Judge Wetmore was elected the first Justice of the Peace. The county of Portage being organized, in August of that year, he was appointed Clerk of the Court, and removed to Ravenna; but finding it inconvenient, and not much profit to be Clerk of a Court in a new county without business, he resigned the office and moved back to Stow, and located on the farm East of "Wetmore Pond," where he

erected the white house, now occupied by his son, in which he lived till the time of his death, October 9, 1827.

Captain Powers lived in the township till the summer of 1833, when he died. He was a Neapolitan by birth, a privateersman by profession, and in all the departments of life an eccentric genius. The incidents of his life would fill volumes.

In 1806, John C. Singletary married his daughter, Harriet Powers. They were married at the house of the bride's father, by Judge Wetmore, and were the first couple married in the township. Mr. Singletary, while courting his wife, was doing a job of chopping for Captain Powers, and rather took the old man in by falling the timber he cut from the piece he was clearing into the adjoining woods, making double work of the next clearing. The old Captain kept still till the wedding was over, and the chain riveted fast, when the old man stepped out in front of the newly married couple, and said to the bridegroom: "John, when you cleared that land for me you cheated me like hell, but you have got the worst of it this time."

Among the incidents of early life in the woods, I will give you a sample, illustrating character as strongly as the story of "Putnam and the Wolf." The only difference is, the actors in the one case were a General and a Wolf; in the other a backwoodsman and two Bears:

In the winter of 1808, Joseph Darrow took his rifle and started for the Pine Swamp in Hudson, in pursuit of game. He had not proceeded far, before he started up two bears, which he followed till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when they "holed" in a ledge of rocks in Boston. Darrow returned home and got his father and his brother George, (now Col. Darrow) his brother James, and David Prior to accompany him. They all started early next morning, and arriving at the ledge found the bears had not left the den. They found another hole at which the bears might go out, but this they closed with a large stone, and one of the company was placed sentinel over it. The others went to the hole at which the bears entered, and Joseph Darrow, with his rifle crawled in, on his hands and knees, fifteen or twenty feet, when he spied the bears lying in their bed of dry

leaves. He took aim at the head of one of them, and fired. As soon as the shock of the report, among the rocks had subsided, he crawled out, reloaded his rifle, and again entered. When he got near to the nest he found that one of them was dead, and the other, apparently much frightened, was trying to get out of the hole they had stopped up. He stuck his nose out, when the man stationed there, shot him through the head. Three hundred pounds of bear's meat rewarded the captors.

Among the early settlers was Thomas Rice, an eccentric genius, full of fun and animation. His worst fault was, he loved his enemy. In the war of 1812 he was captain of the Stow train band; and, as was the custom of those days, the men went round on "training day" morning, and fired up the officers, who, in return were expected "to treat." The captain was up to that, and had commenced operation, on himself before the men arrived. When they had performed the unnecessary ceremony of firing to wake up the captain, and get their bitters, their patriotism began to flare up, and the captain in full uniform, sword in hand, marched out to his bee-hives and swore he would show them how he would use the d——d British red coats!" and suiting the action to the word, he hit the hive a tremendous blow and capsized it. The bees, according to order, did turn out, and reported themselves to the Captain, who considering discretion the better part of valor, beat a retreat. The Captain was so tormented about his battle with the mimic British, that he flung up his commission.

This township is celebrated for being the scene of a hurricane in 1837. On the 20th of October, about three o'clock in the morning, it passed in an average breadth of thirty-five rods, from South-West to North-East, carrying destruction in its progress. The house of Frederick Sandford, about a mile East of the "Green House," was raised from its foundation, and torn into ten thousand fragments. The family were asleep, anticipating no harm, until amid the ruin of their dwelling, they found themselves irresistably carried through the air. Under the fallen timbers were subsequently found the lifeless bodies of Mr. Sandford's mother, and his two sons. Mr. Sandford was found

alive, but so mangled that he died soon after he was found; and Mrs. Sandford's daughter, bruised and mangled, who alone survived. Many hogs and cattle were killed by the falling timber. The bed on which the daughter slept was found in the top of a tree, thirty feet from the ground! and another bed was found a mile distant! An ox cart was blown thirty rods, and must have passed directly over the barn.

This township is beautifully diversified with hill, dale, river and lake, The Cuyahoga passes through it from East to the South-West corner, when it passes into Talmadge at Cuyahgoa Falls. Stow Lake, or "Wetmore's Pond," as it is sometimes called, is a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile in width, and, in places, so deep, that it has never been sounded. It has no inlet except springs in its bottom, and but one outlet, a small stream on its southern border running a few rods, and falling into the Cuyahoga. The waters are very pure, affording a beautiful resort for sailors, or swimmers. A small steam or sail vessel is usually kept, for the accommodation of visitors.

This township, like most others, met with its hopes and disappointments, in the fluctuations of 1837–8. A gentleman from Boston, by the name of Monroe, purchased some land, on the river, three miles East of Cuyahoga Falls, and laid out a town, which was incorporated by the name of "Monroe Falls." A mill, manufactory, blacksmith shop, stores, and a bank followed. It became the resort of the elite of Boston, and, for a while, was the place of fashion. The sober realities of life followed. The mill, and some splendid banks of earth, in the shape of farms, are nearly all that remain—affording more real, and certain profits than did their Bank, which gave out only a promise to pay without any intention of fulfilling. An immense sight of money was expended in the enterprise, which ended in disappointment, and the pecuniary ruin of those engaged in it.

SPRINGFIELD.

This is Town one, in range Ten, and was an equalizing Township. It was surveyed out by Simon Perkins, in the summer of 1806. He first ran a North and South line through the center of the Township, the East half of which was set to Town 4, Range 8, [Shalersville] to make that equal with the average. A strip off the West side of the Township was also attached to Shalersville. Shalersville was drawn, and belonged to Shaler of Middletown, Connecticut, father of Judge Charles Shaler of Pittsburgh, and father-in-law of Commodore McDonough, of Lake Champlain.—Shaler sold the East half to Olds, Collar, and More, of what is now Mahoning County, and the strip off the West side to Henry, and Charles Chittendon.

The first settler in the Townshsp was Ariel Bradley, who settled on lot 12, Shaler Tract, where he yet resides. His first house, and the first in the Township, stood about twelve feet North of the one he now lives in, in the village of Mogadore; which has been laid out on the lot on which Bradley settled.

Bradley was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, in 1767. Naturally of a strong discriminating mind, he was employed, with success, when a boy, in scenes, and business which would have appalled older, and more experienced heads. Just before the battle of White Plains in 1776, young Bradley being then only nine years old, was employed by Gen. Washington to enter the British camp as a spy. He took an old horse, and putting a load of grain on his back, got astride of it himself, and boldly passed within the British lines under pretence of going to mill. He was arrested, as he expected to be, and taken to the British camp for examination. Here, without exhibiting any unusual curiosity, he

observed all that was going on. A long consultation was held by the officers, as to what should be done with him, but young Bradley acted the "*Jonny Raw*," so completely that they finally dismissed him; thinking him more fool than spy. As he was leaving one of the officers remarked:—"I believe the little devil will betray us." The mill boy made his way back to the American camp with the desired information. In 1801, in company with Belden, and Simeon Crane, (since then of Shalersville) he removed to Canfield, Mahoning county. They left Salisbury on the 14th of June 1801, and arrived in Canfield in August of that year. — He remained in Canfield till 1805, when he removed to Suffield, Portage county, and settled on what is known as the old Kent farm. Having remained in Suffield a little over a year, he removed to Springfield, and settled on lot 12, in what is now Mogadore, where he has ever since resided.

When he came into Canfield but little could be obtained, North West of the Ohio River, to alleviate hunger, except by the chase. Wheat and flour were brought, on pack horses, from Georgetown, on the Ohio; and salt was an unknown article. In 1802 Bradley went to Georgetown for breadstuff, but was unable to get a pound of flour, or meal. A man there had raised a little wheat, and Bradley got the privilege of pounding out some, with which he started home through the woods. On his way back, and when about thirteen miles south of Canfield, his horse was taken sick, and he was compelled to camp out in the woods. He hitched his horse, and for his own security climbed a tree. Soon after dark the wolves surrounded him, determined to have him, or his horse. Bradley was not disposed to surrender either, and descending from the tree he procured a good club with which he stood sentry over his horse, and cargo of wheat. As the wolves would come near him he would strike at them and they would retreat. Near morning, one, more brave than the rest, came so near that he hit him over the head. The fellow sounded a retreat, and the rest followed with tremendous yells.

In 1807, soon after Bradley moved into Springfield, he was followed by Benjamin Baldwin, Nathan More, and Ruben Tupper, all of whom were originally from Salisbury, from which they

removed to Canfield. Baldwin settled just across the Town line West from the Kent farm, where he died in 1847.

John Hall 2d, and his brother, came into Springfield in 1807, and purchased the farm on which he now lives. He was then about eighteen years old, his brother was still younger. He built the log cabin, near the spring, in front of his present house, which is still standing. At that time there was not a road, to or from his house. As Indians were plenty he and his brother dare not sleep in the house, but, at night, would make up a fire, in the house, and then take their guns, and go into a cornfield, to sleep; stationing themselves so that they could see any one entering the door. In this manner they passed the first summer and fall.

Robert Hall, from Westmoreland county, Pa., moved into Springfield the same year, and settled on the farm lately owned by Henry G. Weaver, between Middlebury and Mogadore. He died in the summer of 1808, by the bursting of a blood vessel, and was the first person that died in the Township, He was buried in the grave yard North East of Middlebury.

The first white child born in the Township was Jane Hall, a daughter of Robert Hall, who married, and is now living, a widow, in Indiana. She was born in 1809.

The first marriage in the township was in 1810. John Hall, a son of Robert, to Margaret Blair. They both died in Huron county.

In 1812 Randolph, Suffield, Springfield, Tallmadge, formed one Township, and furnished one military company, of which Bala Hubbard was Captain, Ariel Bradley Lieutenant, and Aaron Westton, Ensign. Weston was also Ensign of the Company of volunteers under Captain John Campbell, who were surrendered by General Hull.

After Hull's surrender a draft was made, and eight were taken from Springfield :—Joseph D. Baird, John Hall, Timothy Holcomb, Alaxander Hall, James Baird, Lee More, Nathaniel Dehaven, and Martin Willis, who went as a substitute. They belonged to the company commanded by Captain Lusk, of Hudson Lieutenant Holcomb, of Hudson, resigned to John Cairis, of Rootstown, who was second Lieutenant. Hiram King, formerly of Middlebury, was Ensign. They belonged to the Regiment commanded

by Col. Rayen, of Youngstown, in the Brigade of Gen. Simon Perkins.

Joseph D. Baird, Timothy Holcomb, Nathaniel Dehaven, and Lee More are yet living. John Hall died in Huron county: Alexander Hall died at camp Huron. James Baird died at La Grange, Indiana, and Martin Willis died on his way home, at Tinker's Creek.

On the return of the wreck of Hull's army, after his surrender at Detroit, the "Ohio volunteers," under Col's. Cass, and Mc Arthur passed through Springfield, and encamped on the bank of the river near the south end of the bridge at "Clinton's mill." Samuel Elliott, the father of John, and Jehu Elliott, who then lived where Jehu Elliott now does, measured off half an acre of green corn, and turned it out to the Soldiers, who picked and roasted it for their suppers. The followiug year Major Croghan, when going on to the lines with his command, encamped on the same ground.

At that time Doctor Joseph DeWolf, of Ravenna, was the only practising Physician, except Dr. Ashmun of Hudson between Cleveland and Canfield. DeWolf being a Democrat, and a strong supporter of the war, could do no less then attend on the sick, and wounded Soldiers, as they were returning from what, to them was worse then sickness: Hulls disgraceful surrender. He rode night and day, in performing that unpaid office of humanity.—The poor soldiers owe him a debt of gratitude, and his country ought to compensate him. Many a political brawler has received thousands of Dollars for far less meritorious service than that performed by Dr. DeWolf in relieving the sick of the "Ohio Volunteers." Whatever may become of the *pecuniary* obligation of this Government to him, let not the debt of gratitude be cancelled by the Statue of limitation.

The last of June 1812 a report came into Springfield that the Greentown Indians had unburied the hatchet, and were approaching the settlement. The inhabitants made arrangements for protecting themselves and the more exposed left the Township for a more secure location.

Mrs. Henry Chittendon, who then living on the Brittan farm, was forgotten in the excitement, and remained, with her little children, alone, and unprotected, till the rumor was ascertained to be groundless.

After the surrender of Hull, a "*press*" was made on the inhabtants, for horses, for the use of the Government.

David Preston, of Tallmadge, and others, were in the employ of the United States, collecting horses, in Springfield. The Rev. Mr. Beers of Springfield had five horses when the "press gang" called on him. He agreed if they would not take any of *his* that he would pilot them to the shanty of Hall, where they could get a first rate one. They accordingly let the Priest off, and he piloted them through the woods to Hall's. Just as the "press" got into the clearing of Hall, to catch his horse, he happened to come home, and thinking he had a better right to the horse than the United States, he let down the bars, and started his horse into the woods, and thus saved his property.

Springfield was organized on the first Monday of April, 1808.—It was then a part of Trumbull county, the first entry in the records of the Township being:

"At a meeting held in the Township of Springfield, *County of Trumbull*, and State of Ohio." Springfield then embraced not only what is now Springfield, but also Randolph and Suffield in Portage county, and Tallmage, Portage, and Coventry in Summit.

At the election, on the day of the organization, Josiah Ward, of what is now Randolph, was one of the Judges; Jonathan Foster of what is now Mantua, Clerk; John Goss, of Randolph, and Benjamin Baldwin, of Springfield, and Stephen Upson of Tallmadge, Trustees.

On the 13th of March, 1809, Benjamin Baldwin was sworn in as Justice of the Peace, being the first Justice elected in the Township. Joseph Harris, now of Harrisville, Medina county, held over by virtue of an election prior to the organization of the Township.

As a specimen of the mode of doing business in those days, I offer the following extract from the Town Record:

"At a meeting of the Trustees on the first Monday in March, in the year of our Lord 1810, they settled with all and balanced accounts; supervisor James McCormic, excepted. Found due from him two dollars forty cents, for which said James gave his note, payable in labor on some county road in Springfield on, or before the first of April next, at the rate of sixty-two and a half cents per day."

The first school in the township was taught by Reuben Upson it the winter of 1812. The school house stood near Cass' camping ground.

In mineral and agricultural wealth, Springfield stands one of the first Townships in the county. Stone coal is abundant, but the beds have not been worked sufficiently to afford a complete test of their yield. But the great mineral wealth of the Township consists in the Potter's clay from which stone ware is manufactured.

Immense ammounts of the clay are carried to other States, and even to Canada. In fixing a tariff of duties, for Canada, John Bull laid a heavy duty on Stone ware manufactured in the States, but not on clay. The enterprising Yankees came it over him by carrying the clay to Canada, and manufacturing it there.

There are twelve potteries in operation in Springfield, which average, annually, 500,000 gallons of manufactured Stone ware, which is worth five cents a gallon. As the clay is inexhaustable other potteries will spring up as the call for the manufactured article increases.

The Little Cuyahoga River, which runs through this Township, affordes some fine mill sites. One branch of it haveing its rise in Suffield Lake, and the other in Springfield Lake, the flood of water is generally very uniform. To secure a full supply of water, at all times, a company in Middlebury, a few years ago, got a special Act of the Legislature authorizing them to raise Springfield Lake six feet, and lower it four, from its natural level. As the surface of this Lake is about a mile in diameter this rise and fall affords a sufficient supply on which to draw when other sources fail. The right is now owned by the mill owners in Akron.

In the spring of the year, just before the breaking up of the ice on the Springfield Lake, there is often heard a peculiar moaning sound, that is audible, at times for miles. The first time it was noticed was in 1813, by James McKnight, while out hunting.—He, supposing it to be some huge animal, started with his gun, and little boy, now Francis McKnight of Springfield, in pursuit. The sound appeared to be near the outlet, at the North East part of the Lake. In crossing the Lake, on the ice, when near the deepest part, it being very dark he stepped into an "*air hole*"

and went entirely under, but holding on to his rifle, which reached across the hole, he drew himself out by it, and thus saved himself. The longest cords that have been tried, or that can be procured, cannot sound the Lake in its deepest parts. A few years ago a Steamboat was placed on it for pleasure, but it did not pay expenses.

As a wheat growing Township Springfield "can't be beat."—The soil is generally a rich, black, sandy loam, and an industrious, hardy population have given much of it the appearance of a garden.

TALLMADGE.

This Township derived its name from Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, of Litchfield, Connecticut. It is Town 2, in Range 10, and was originally drawn by two companies, called the Brace Company, and the Rockwell Company. The Brace Company consisted of Jona Brace, Justin Ely, Roger Newberry, Elijah White, and Enoch Perkins. Brace was one of the celebrated men in Connecticut Western Reserve, and for many years was one of the Governor's Council in Connecticut, under the old charter of King Charles, before the adoption of a State Constitution. The other company was composed of Azariah Rockwell, Abram Root, Oliver Dickinson, and Stephen W. James. Subsequently Col. Tallmadge, and Ephraim Starr purchased the interest of the last named company, and became tenants in common with the Brace Company.

The lines of this township were run in July, 1797, by Amzi Atwater, who died in Mantua, Portage County, on the 22d of June, 1851, and Warcham Shephard, who is still living, at Westfield, Massachusetts—the only survivor of the surveying, and exploring parties of 1796, and 1797. Atwater selected his land in Mantua, while surveying out the Reserve, and settled on it in 1800, where he resided till his death.

The Township of Tallmadge was drawn on the 30th of January, 1798, six months after the lines were run. Soon after the township was drawn the proprietors procured a Surveyor, by the name of Caleb Palmer, to run it out into twenty-five sections of one mile square; and on the 19th of May, 1803, they made partition, by which the Brace Company took all West of a North and South line running half a mile West of the centre. Starr took three sections on the centre line, beginning on the North line of the township, and Tallmadge took the balance of the township.

The first permanent settlement was made by the Rev. David Bacon, a missionary sent out by the missionary society of Connecticut, in the fall of 1807. He not only formed the first settlement, but gave tone to the morals and fashion to the society, that is still visible.

He was born at Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1771, and died at Hartford in August, 1817.

Imbued with the spirit of New England, theology, Mr. Bacon conceived the project of transplanting it into the Western world. A religious colony was his favorite theory, in which all should believe alike, and be bound to contribute to the support of the gospel, by a tax on the land, which should be tantamount to a mortgage on the property. Mingled with this idea was also to some extent, the theory of a community of interest. To be able to carry out this theory, Mr. Bacon had previously purchased from Tallmadge and Starr 12,000 acres of land, at $1,50 per acre, for which he had taken a contract, with the agreement that when any part of the price was paid, a deed should be made for the part so paid for. This purchase gave him a controlling interest in the township.

In all subsequent sales by him he inserted a clause in the contract charging every one hundred acres of land sold with a tax of two dollars a year for the support of the gospel—and none but believers in the Saybrook platform could have any land at any price, or on any condition except that of joining the church.

The Brace Company continued, however, to sell to whoever wished to purchase, without any restriction as to belief, or incumbrance as to the support of the ministry.

Gen. Simon Perkins, agent for the Brace Company, had sold the hill land Northeast of Middlebury where the grave yard now is, to Charles Chittenden, and given him a contract unincumbered by restrictions as to belief, or tax; and in 1810, Chittenden sold this contract to Col. Rial McArthur, now of Northampton, Col. McArthur having imbibed some of the liberal notions of the present day, became a missionary of his principles equally zealous, and equally efficient with Mr. Bacon. By contrasting the freedom of his title, with the entailed incumbrance of the other lands, he soon broke up the system, and Mr. Bacon's theory of an exclusive religious community, failed.

Mr. Bacon was assisted in his first labors by Justin E. Frink, who appears to have profited little by his associations, as he became dissipated, and died a few years ago.

The first house erected by Bacon and Frink was on the South line of the township, just West of the North and South centre road.

In November, 1806, soon after his purchase, and before he made a settlement, Mr. Bacon procured another survey to be made of the township by Seth I. Ensign. He first laid it off into sixteen square tracts of 1,000 acres each, called "Great Lots," which were subdivided into six small lots, with roads cutting the township into the form of a "*twelve-men morris board.*"

In the spring of 1808, Aaron Norton, who was subsequently Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Portage county, moved into Tallmadge, and settled at what is now Middlebury: his house stood just back of where Henry Rhodes now lives near a large spring, which has since, by the draining of a pond, Southeast of Middlebury, entirely disappeared. As early as 1803, he erected a gristmill on Tinker's Creek in Hudson, near Streetsboro' four corners, which was burnt by the Indians the year following. In 1806, he moved to Northampton, and built a grist-mill, and distillery, on Mud brook, near French's mill; and in 1808 came to Tallmadge, and in company with Joseph Hart, laid the foundation of Middlebury by erecting a grist mill where the stone factory now stands, just above the lower bridge.

Eliza Hart, a daughter of Joseph Hart, and now the wife of Roswell Kent, was the first white child born in Middlebury. She was born August 6, 1808. Cornelia Chittenden, daughter of Charles Chittenden and now the wife of Isaac Newton, of Coventry, was the first white child born in Tallmadge. She was born June, 1808, on the hill east of Colonel Potter's.

Dr. Amos Wright was the first *male* child born in the township. He was born October 5th, 1808. Among those who came into the township in the spring of 1808 was Titus Chapman grandfather of the present Dr. Chapman of Tallmadge. He died Nov. 4, 1808, and was buried in the grave yard north-east of Middlebury, being the first white person that died in Tallmadge.

The county of Portage was organized in the spring of 1808,

and the first meeting of the county commissioners was held on the 8th of June of that year. The first business presented to the commissioners was a petition for a road in "No. 2, Range 10," signed by Mr. Bacon, Charles Chittenden, Ephraim Clark, and others for a road "Beginning at the south line of said No. 2, and running due north through the centre of the north line of said No. 2, on a line now used for that purpose," which was the first established road in Tallmadge.

The first wedding in Tallmadge was John Collins, married to Sally Chapman, a sister of Dr. Titus Chapman—who were married on the first of January, 1809, by Esq. Harris, now of Harrisville. She died in February, 1852.

The first school in Tallmadge was taught in the summer of 1810, in a small log house which stood south of the centre, near where Mr. Randall now lives, by Miss Lucy Foster, sister of Judge Jonathan Foster of Mantua. She subsequently married Mr. Alpha Wright and is now living in Tallmadge.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, Conn., eminent as a Divine, Elizur Wright of Boston, eminent for his liberal principles in religion and humanity, learned their letters of Miss Foster, and are indebted to her good training for much of their celebrity. The foundation was laid in that school-house, where Wright by the agony of the whip on his own back, learned to pity the poor slave.

On the 21st of July, 1809, the first "Church of Christ in Tallmadge," was formed by Mr. Bacon, in the association of five males and five females under that denomination. Having no meeting house they met in private houses and barns. In 1810, as already stated, Col. McArthur purchased near Middlebury, and took a title free from the incumbrance imposed by Mr. Bacon, and began to preach liberal sentiments which contrasted favorably with those of Bacon which bore strong marks of a State religion, as was at that time established in Connecticut.—Those who were willing to aid *voluntarily*, in the support of the Gospel, protested against a tax, or involuntary and compulsory payment for that purpose. Bitterness soon sprung up in the Church which brought forth anything but the fruits of Holiness.

An anecdote will illustrate the state of things in the church at

this time. Sundry church meetings had been held, at which discussion ran high. There was, evidently on the part of the church an intention to get rid of their preacher and his church tax together. In one of the church meetings, the debate became warm, and personal. Mr. Bacon rose and said, "Brethren, your course toward me reminds me of a minister and his church in Connecticut. Soon after they gave him a call to preach, they got sick of him, and wished to drive him away, but he declined going. Seeing no other way of effecting their object, they determined to insult him by electing him "hog howard," which they did, and appointed the deacons a committee to notify him of his election. On the performance of that duty, by the deacons, said the old minister:—"How strange are the dispensations of Providence! A short time ago you elected me your pastor, and you were my sheep; now you have elected me your hog-howard, and you are my hogs."

Mr. Bacon, at length yielded to the blast; resigned his charge gave up his land contract, and abandoned his Utopian Scheme. He returned to Connecticut in the spring of 1812, and died, five years afterward, at Hartford.

In the joy of their new born liberty they get along for a couple of years without any minister, but in May 1814, they installed the Rev. Mr. Woodruff in the barn now owned by Mr. Sturdevant, half a mile south of the centre. About the same time the inhabitants commenced building an Academy, which was completed in 1815, and placed under the charge of Mr. Woodruff who continued as preacher till September, 1823.

There was a society organized by Mr. Bacon, called "The first Congregational Society of Tallmadge," for the support of the ministry. It bore about the same relation to the Congregational Church that "the vestry" does to the Episcopal. Soon after his connection with the Church Mr. Woodruff became obnoxious to his society, and on the 26th of June, 1820, they "Resolved, that it is not the desire of this Society that Mr. Woodruff continue as our Pastor." This did not produce the desired effect of driving him away, but he continued to preach as before. Down to this time, the Society, though anxious to get rid of him had no charge that they could substantiate. About this time, however,

Nature overcame Grace, in the conduct of the Preacher, and afforded the long sought for charge. In one of the departments of the Academy was a young female teacher, by the name of Granger, to whom, it was understood, Mr. Woodruff was engaged to marry. A report got out, but whether true or not the best authorities do not agree, that Mr. Woodruff met Miss Granger, one day, on the steps of the Academy, and kissed her; just as a layman would have done. Soon after, at the annual meeting of the Society, in May, 1822, it was "Resolved, That no more money be raised for the support of the gospel ministry," and no more was raised for two years thereafter, and Mr. Woodruff was starved out, having, like Paris of old, lost his kingdom for the sake of a Helen.

In 1812 the church consisted of 23 members; embracing a large portion of the substantial inhabitants of the Township.—Their religion, however, had *works* connected with *faith*, or, like Cromwell, they trusted in God, but looked well to their powder. Acting on this principle they were sturdy patriots, as ready to fight as to pray.

The last of June, 1812, after the declaration of War, a report came from Canton, just at evening, that the Greentown Indians were in arms; had butchered a number of families to the south west of Tallmadge, and in all probability would be upon that township before morning. After a consultation the house of Capt. John Wright was deemed best calculated for a fort. Alpha Wright and the other sons and family of Capt. Wright, and the family of Jotham Blakely were gathered together, in the new fort, and the arms, consisting of an old Queen's arm, carried by Dr. Wright through the Revolutionary War, put in requisition for the expected attack. They gathered in all their forces, consisting of eighteen persons, three only of which were fit for duty. Guards were set for the night, each picket consisting of one man. At roll call in the morning all reported themselves safe, no Indians having made their appearance. Ephraim Clark who had seen service in the Revolution, patrolled the street, all night, prepared to give the "red skins" a warm reception. The next day it was ascertained that the alarm was caused by the discovery of two deserters, from Major Rolland's command, who were

lurking in the woods, and magnified into a party of Indians.

Soon after, when the transports, with the wreck of Hull's army as prisoners of war, appeared off Cleveland, they were supposed to be British troops making a descent on our then unprotected frontier. The alarm spread, and reached Tallmadge on Sunday, while the people were engaged in public worship. The service instantly closed, the Bible was exchanged for the musket, and prayer for the military command. All were prepared with courage and devotion to their country, to march against their national enemies, but before night they were relieved by the welcome news that the supposed enemies were their fellow citizens, returning from Detroit, where they had been basely betrayed by Gen. Hull.

In the call that followed the surrender of Hull, no less than twenty citizen soldiers were furnished by Tallmadge; at the head of which was Col. Rial McArthur, then captain of a company of Riflemen. The whole of his company volunteered, and were ordered to Camp Perkins, on the Huron, where they remained till winter set in, and military operations ceased for the season.

The first frame building in the Township was erected in 1810, by Dr. Amos C. Wright. It was a barn, and is still standing opposite to the brick house, in which his family now reside, about half a mile south of the centre. He also built the first brick house in the Township—the one in which his family now reside. This was erected in 1816—he died in 1845.

Tallmadge, or "Town 2, Range 10" as it was called, originally belonged to Randolph Township. That embraced Randolph and Suffield in Portage county, and Springfield and Tallmadge in Summit. Springfield was then set off from Randolph, and Randolph then embraced Randolph and Suffield, and Springfield embraced Springfield and Tallmadge. On the eleventh of November, 1812, Tallmadge was organized into a distinct Township, with its present boundaries, and Deacon Elizur Wright who came into the Township on the 30th of June, 1810, from Canaan, Connecticut, was elected first Town clerk, and Elizur Wright and Nathaniel Chapman the first Justices.

A singular specimen of legal construction exists in the Records of the Township. As Town Clerk it was the duty of Deacon

Wright to keep a record of the ear marks, for sheep and cattle, adopted by the inhabitants. Dea. Wright insisted that the right ear of a sheep was the ear to the right of the person looking at it. The marks as recorded are therefore all reversed, that is the *recorded* right ear means the left.

The first meeting house erected in the Township, was a log one; erected in 1814, in the woods a little west of the first south four corners. It was located there, not for any natural advantage of location, but by way of "compromise," it being the exact centre of location of all the settlers in the Township. Like other compromises, it was a miserable affair, suited nobody, and fell to pieces before it was finished.

The present elegant, and spacious meeting house was commenced in 1822. Reuben Beach, long a prominent, and worthy citizen, as well as exemplary member of the church, was chosen superintendent of the building. A day was appointed in which the timber for the house was to be drawn on to the ground, and to insure promptness Mr. Beach offered a gallon of whiskey to the man that would get the first stick on the spot. This *stimulated* them to action, and each was anxious to win the prize. Great preparations were made the night before—oxen kept yoked up all night—timber hauled into the road—and everything ready for an early start and fair race in the morning. One man only appeared indifferent—that was Daniel Beach, now of Ruggles. He kept his oxen yoked up, but had prepared no timber. As soon as daylight appeared he hitched on to a fine stick, that Justus Barns had prepared and drawn into the road, and before Barns was fairly awake had his stick of timber upon the ground, and got the whisky. So expeditious was he that he had been sitting on his log sometime before Mr. Beach arrived with the prize. By the time it was fairly daylight the neighbors had mostly arrived, and the timber for the whole house was on the ground. The prize was more fairly distributed than won, and as the superintendent was the last man on the ground it was resolved that he should be punished by an exhibition of him, and a proclamation of the fact, round the Town. He was accordingly chained on to a sled, and all the oxen attached to it, and the balance of the day devoted to exhibiting him, round town in that situation.

About twenty young men have graduated, from this town, at different Colleges, and sixteen young ladies have become the wives of ministers of different denominations. In education, and religion and female devotion to the ministry, Tallmadge is the Banner Township of the county.

Tallmadge, considering its fertility of soil, location, mineral productions, and natural resources, is one of the best Townships on the Reserve. With the Big Cuyahoga river on the North, and Little Cuyahoga on the Southwest—the villages of Monroe Falls, and Cuyahoga Falls on the North and Northwest, and Middlebury and Akron on the Southwest, with inexhaustible beds of Coal and Iron in its bosom, and with a fertile soil, "the air line Railroad," which will pass through it, as the Akron Branch now does, will stimulate exertions, and draw forth its resources.

TWINSBURGH.

Which is Township Five, in the Tenth Range, was originally owned by several proprietors—Mills and Hoadly owned the South and South-eastwardly part—Henry Champion the West and North-westwardly part, and Moses and Aaron Wilcox the North and North-eastwardly part.

The township took its name from Moses and Aaron Wilcox, who were *Twins*, and gave name to the town. They came from North Killingsworth, Connecticut, on 1823; the township at their request, having been named in 1819—and for the honor of giving it a name they gave six acres, at the center, for a public square, and $20 in money to improve it. Previous to their naming it, it was called Millsville.

They were born on the 11th of May, 1771; married sisters; Huldah and Mabel Lord, of Killingsworth, and died within a few hours of each other, at the center of this town; and were buried in the same grave—at the age of 57.

In early life they so resembled each other that none but their most intimate friends could distinguish between them. They married sisters—had an equal number of children—held all their property in common—wrote alike—tho't alike—looked alike—and were taken sick on the same day—with the same disease—died on the same day, and were buried in the same grave.

The first settlement was made by Ethan Alling, Esq., on the 24th of April, 1817. He came into the township, when a boy of 16, from New Haven, Connecticut. He brought on three hired men, and commenced keeping house, or rather Bachelor's hall, and was the only settler till the 28th of May, when Maj. Elisha Loomis, and E.W. Mather, arrived from New Haven, for the purpose of commencing a settlement on the Mills and Hoadly tract. They settled in the South-east part of the town, at what is since known as Loomis Mills.

Major Loomis is an *old salt*, having sailed round the world twice in the ship Oneida. It was this ship—in one of its voyages—that brought Henry Obakiah, and Thomas Hoppo, from the Sandwich Islands to Connecticut, where they were educated at the Cornwall Mission School.

He is now *anchored* in Hudson.

On the first of July, Ezra Osborn with his family, arrived, and settled in the West part of the town. Mrs. Osborn was the first, *female* settler in the township.

On the 7th of July, Lewis Alling, the father of Ethan, arrived with his family, and soon after Samuel Vail, Luman Lane, Zeno Parmele, E. Bronson, and the twin Wilcoxes arrived.

The first principal settlement was made on the Wilcox tract, by settlers from North Killingsworth. Most of them purchased their land and paid for it while it was encumbered by a Mortgage from the Wilcoxes to the State of Connecticut. The Wilcoxes, though men of irreproachable character, and engaged in what was supposed to be a lucrative business, were unfortunate, and unable to pay off the mortgage. This caused the land to revert to the State of Connecticut, and left the occupants, who had purchased in good faith, and paid for it, in an embarrassing situation. This state of uncertainty, and embarrassment continued for a long time, and retarded the growth of the township, until the Rev. Mr. Bissell, favorably known throughout the Reserve for his philanthrophy in the cause of Indian education, took the matter in hand; and by his intercession with the Commissioner of the Connecticut School fund, procured a favorable consideration of their case, and prompt and honorable relief.

This difficulty, by driving setlers from the Wilcox tract, caused a more rapid sttlement on the Mills and Hoadly tract, and also on the Champion tract.

The first election was in April, 1819. Frederick Stanley and Samuel Vail, are the only voters, at that election, now remaining. At the October election, of that year, Samuel Vail and Lewis Alling were elected the first Justices.

The first death that occured in the township was an infant child of Reuben Chamberlin's, which died in the spring of 1819. On the 23d of November, 1819, Maria Stanley was born, who was

the first white child born in the township. She is now the wife of Rev. Mr. Barton, of Ripley, Brown County, Ohio.

Previous to 1828 a small Congregational church had collected; and having given Rev. Samuel Bissell, then a young licentiate, a call to become their Pastor, on the 2nd Sabbath in January, 1828 he preached the first sermon in the township. He was, subsequently, on the 28th of April, 1823, ordained, and installed Pastor of the Church; and entered upon his duties without any reasonable hope of any adequate compensation. He removed from Aurora to Twinsburgh, on the 18th of April, 1828, taking with him four young men as the nucleus of his intended High School. A log cabin was their residence, and a miserable log Blacksmith's shop their Academy. One of those four that formed the nucleus of the Twinsburgh Seminary, is H. B. Spelman, one of the leading merchants of Akron, and lately an able member of the State Legislature; another is William C. Bissell, the founder and superintendant of a respectable and useful Female Seminary in Ripley, Brown Co., Ohio; another is Samuel Heacox, a respectable farmer in Aurora; and the other is S. Case, a respectable farmer in Rootstown. The Collegiate Blacksmith's shop, in which they met, was half a mile west of the center, on the site of the residence of John Smith.

To encourage, and stimulate the youth to acquire an education, Mr. Bissell requested all to attend, and if any felt unable to pay, it should be free of charge. The encouragement thus given to the cause of education, good order, and what was useful, was most happy in its results. The school which commenced in such a humble manner, has arisen to average, for the last several years over 300 scholars, annually; and the whole number educated at this Institution has been 3,450. The effect has been to give the inhabitants a decidedly intellectual character, and the good morals of the town are proverbial Intelligence, sobriety, morality and industry, have given the town an enviable rank in the County.—The staple articles are butter, cheese, cattle; in which it ranks, if not the first, at least not the second in the county. Their wealth has materially aided the construction of a plank road from Cleveland through Twinsburgh to Hudson. The Cleveland and Pitts-

burgh railroad runs through a part of the town: and another plank road is contemplated to Warren. The town has five stores; three steam saw-mills; two carriage shops, and other smaller mechanical establishments. There are also four respectable houses of religious worship—1 for Congregationalists; 1 for the regular Baptists; 1 for Methodists, and 1 for free-will Baptists; Ethan Alling, started the first store in July, 1830.

Extensive beds of free-stone are in the township, which are worked, and the products carried on the railroad to Cleveland and elsewhere as needed.

The Institution under the charge of Rev. Mr. Bissell, is in a most flourishing condition. There is now, in place of the old blacksmith shop, an extensive building on the S. E. corner of the public square, sufficient to accomodate 75 boarders, and 250 scholars. It is divided into three departments for ladies and gentlemen Mr. Bissell is Proprietor and Principal, assisted by 6 to 7 assistants; who give instruction in all the branches of science taught in the Eastern Seminaries. A good library is attached to the Institution, and efforts are now making to supply the various apparatus adequate to the wants of the Institution.

Among the beneficiaries of this Institution, have been forty-three Indians, of the Seneca, Ottawa, Pattawatomie and Ojibway tribes. The first Indian that was induced to abandon his forest home, and procure an education, was Peter Wilson, a Seneca.—He became a good scholar, and was "skilled in all the arts" peculiar to his race. He intended to take a classical course, and fit himself for the highest usefulness; but the fond hopes of himself and friends were blasted by the consequences of his own generosity, and human feelings. While at this school, a young man of the village, by the name of Thompson, in attempting to swim across the creek in a freshet, was drowned. Peter was first on the ground, and being an expert swimmer, plunged in, regardless of his own health and safety. He remained so long in the water that it destroyed his health, and he was obliged to abandon his favorite pursuit of knowledge. He returned to his tribe, and his health being somewhat improved, he became interpreter to a Missionary, among his people. He was subsequently appointed

Chief, and took an active part in opposing the sale of the Indian lands; and failing in this, when nothing more could be done, he procured an amended treaty, by which two of the five reservations were reserved for the remnant of his people, who refused to emigrate.

News reached him, after a while, that that portion of his people that emigrated west were starving. Though they acted contrary to his advice, and were suffering the consequences of their own folly, Peter flew to a source from which he hoped to obtain relief for them. He applied to the New York Legislature, but they were too busy to attend to him. He then went to Washington and laid the matter before the proper authorities, but they had no appropriation out of which to aid him. He then went to New York City and laid the matter before the Historical Society in so interesting and affecting manner, that they raised several thousand dollars, and he was made the almoner to his people, whom he relieved, and restored to their former homes.

Two years since when the reform party of his nation wished to abolish the chiefdom, and establish a Republic, he was chosen in opposition to the conservative, or chief party, to represent them in the New York Legislature, where he appeared; and by his manly eloquence gained his point—and his nation was recognized as a part of the Republic,—and authorized to receive their portion of the public money for the education of their youth.

At the celebration of the completion of the New York and Erie Railroad, Peter was present, and delivered one of the most interesting addresses that were made on the occasion. Mr. Lodor, Superintendent of the road, remarked that he would cheerfully exchange what skill he had in engineering for the eloquence of Peter. That was the first of the race educated at Twinsburgh.

Mack-a-de-benessi or Blackbird, an Ottawa, who was received into this Institution about five years ago, and left it about a year since, was a direct descendant of Pontiac, the greatest chief the Indians ever had, unless we except Philip and Tecumseh. In a letter recently received from him it appears that he, too, is laboring for the good of his people, in trying to introduce them to the arts of civilized life, and obtaining for them the rights of Ameri-

can Citizens. He says: "I left Traverse Bay the last of February, 1851, and went on snow-shoes to Saginaw Bay, en my way to the capital of Michigan, with petitions from my people to become citizens of the State. I appeared before the Governor, and officers of the State, and obtained the passage of a joint resolution of both Houses, in favor of the petitions."

Just before he left the Institution he addressed a letter to a friend, from which I make the following extracts as specimens of his feelings, in view of the condition of his race:

TWINSBURGH, May 15, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—It was with great pleasure and joy I received your letter within the past few days: and have been greatly interested, indeed, in your bewailing remarks on the character and condition of our benighted brethren, who, as a remnant of a once numerous tribe, are now spread over the North-western part of Michigan. I feel, as well as you, for our poor brethren, buried in sorrows and in tears, and enshrouded as to their future prospects—in gloom. It is enough to break down the stoutest spirits.

* * * I wish to know the result of the treaty made in 1836; and I ask what profit have we derived from converting our valuable soil, and beloved native home, into specie? Nothing and worse than nothing. Our people have been divided and subdivided. Some have fled to Canada to find shelter under the British Crown. All forms of wickedness and vice have been brought upon us, and resulted in ruin to both body and soul, as a consequence of the treaty. Our people have indulged in the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, which has caused much discontent and discouragement, and has proved a serious obstacle in the way of improving their conditions; which did not exist previous to the treaty. This treaty was made through the ignorance of our people. They have been cheated out of their lands by the crafty and cunning management of the pale faces. Land enough was not left to our people on which to spread a blanket. True, some of our people were pious and good, but they were not wise.

Do not suppose I have taken this view of the subject from the

knowledge I have obtained from the whites. I had thoughts, and correct knowledge of many things, before I had educational training. I have only learned to express my thoughts better, and especially in a stranger language. I have always felt for my people as I now do—and have loved my country and my brethren as far back as my memory extends.

To remain in ignorance I could no longer endure, and be contented. I was much troubled in my heart. The more I reflected the more clearly I saw the condition of my beloved country, and the doings of the whites to my countrymen. In vain I sought for amusements that I might be free from my wretched heart.—I was not in the least relieved from my trouble; everything spoke a sad language to me, as my reasoning powers became matured and stronger. In solitude I sat on the shores of Michigan, while the glorious sun, sinking in the vast region of waters darted his radiant beams upon the sleepy expanse, as in the days of my boy-hood when I sat upon the banks of the Muskingum, with my little companions, enjoying our forest home."

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